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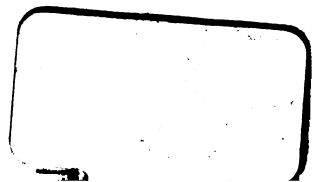


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THE  
MINSTREL  
ENCYCLOPEDIA



WALTER BEN HARE



# THE MINSTREL ENCYCLOPEDIA

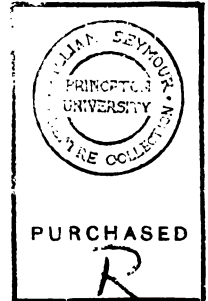
By

WALTER BEN HARE

*Author of more than one hundred plays including*

*"A Couple of Million," "The Adventures of Grandpa," "Professor Pepp," "Old Days in Dixie," "Over Here," "Much Ado About Betty," "The Hoodoo," "Teddy, or The Runaways," "The Dutch Detective," "And Billy Disappeared," etc.*

My mission on earth  
Is to generate mirth  
Into waves of innocent laughter ;  
To bid them roll  
And carry my soul  
To the shores of the great Hereafter.



BOSTON  
WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

1921



# The Minstrel Encyclopedia

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**Part II**  
**How to Produce a Minstrel Show**







## How to Produce a Minstrel Show

No form of amateur entertaining is more popular than the minstrel show. Year after year the black-face comedians appear before the public to packed houses of pleased patrons. The spontaneous good humor, the quick repartee, the harmony singing, the "local" stories, the bright end-songs and well rendered ballads attract an audience when all other forms of entertaining fail. Men naturally love minstrel shows, and the obliging ladies naturally love what the men love; and that is the secret of the popularity of the burnt-cork performance.

We have elaborate professional minstrel shows with parades, brass bands, complete orchestras, a hundred performers, tons of scenery! Elk's Minstrels, Shrine Minstrels, K. of C. Minstrels, College Minstrels, Y. M. C. A. Minstrels, High School Minstrels, Ladies' Minstrels, Children's Minstrels, Church Minstrels and Club Minstrels. Some day, doubtless, we shall have Kindergarten Minstrels and Baby Minstrels. Probably in the future some enterprising director will stage a First Part Performance with the infant actors wheeled around the stage in perambulators, all wailing tunefully to the Nurse Bottle Rag. "The youngest chorus of broilers on record, positively guaranteed, Ladies and Gents, a grand potpourri of melody from a band of enthusiastic minstrels, the oldest member of which has not reached the mature age of fourteen months!"

At any rate the minstrel show is here, and it is here to stay.

The object of this book is chiefly to supply the amateur world with material from which to select a minstrel performance suited to the particular wants of the participants. While

nearly all of the jokes are original, the author has borrowed from the old-time and modern minstrel stars who have been his friends and associates during an experience of four years as featured comedian with one of the very largest minstrel shows in the country.

### ORGANIZING

The question of producing a money-making entertainment is brought up year after year in nearly every organization in the country, but it is often voted down for fear the receipts will not justify the work involved.

“How on earth can our little bunch put on a minstrel show and make a success of it, unless we spend all or nearly all of our net receipts for a professional coach?” This book is the answer to that question. Any band of amateur players that will follow the precepts laid down in this book, trust to the judgment of the author, present the performance word for word as herein printed, read the introductory advice carefully and obey it literally, cannot fail to produce a creditable performance with plenty of good get-together fun at the rehearsals, and a tidy sum of money in the treasury after the performance. Knowing how to go about the thing is really half the battle; the other half is good hard work and an ability to merge one's personal feelings and pride for the general success of the entire performance.

Three important members should constitute the Committee of Arrangements: the Director, the Musical Director and the Business Manager. These persons should work together harmoniously, each having full authority in his own department. Select these men by ballot of the organization giving the show and then leave everything to them. Their word is law. The success or the failure of the enterprise rests upon their shoulders. The Director should be the Chairman of the Committee and should have the final word of authority in any question that arises in the committee meetings. I shall next take up the duties of each of these men in separate paragraphs.

## THE DIRECTOR

The Director, or Stage Manager, is the keystone of the arch, the most important individual in the production, the man whose word is law, the final arbiter on all matters concerning the show. Choose a man who can hold the respect and obedience of every member of the company, preferably a man who has had some experience in training amateurs. Note well the following points:

1. The Director must possess unlimited patience, absolute impartiality, an ability to work hard and to make others work just as hard, and a knowledge of human nature that will tell him when to criticize, when to encourage, and when merely to suggest.

2. He should realize that he is the final authority and should have the courage of his convictions, a courage that will make him proceed in spite of tittle-tattle, wrangling and opposition.

3. He should be a man who has assumed a grave responsibility and who realizes this responsibility to the utmost. No matter what comes up the show must be given on the date advertised and the Director must stand firm as a rock until the curtain falls on the finale of the performance. "I'm here to see that we give our show on the second of April, and we're going to give it!"

The Director should give every performer a fair chance to show what he can do long before he assigns the rôles of the entertainment. He must be strictly impartial. Nothing breaks up an amateur show quicker than the rumor that the Director is showing favoritism. Try-out performances should be given for any one who desires to compete for end-men places or big rôles in the afterpiece. The Director should select the story to be told, or the tests to be made, and then should do the casting of the show to suit himself. Sometimes it is advisable to have the Musical Director, and maybe the Business Manager, assist at these try-outs, but the Director should be the final authority in assigning the parts. Nearly

every amateur considers himself capable of playing the leading rôle; it is the duty of the Director diplomatically to prick the balloon of conceit, and place the laurel wreath where it properly belongs. A few rehearsals will show the justice of his decisions.

At the very first rehearsal make a little talk on the necessity of coming to every rehearsal and coming on the exact hour set. Say, "If you cannot possibly attend a rehearsal, or if you will be late, please notify me in advance, in order to make the rehearsal run smoothly." Then proceed on the question of star-parts, tell them they cannot all be the principal comedians, and beg their coöperation for a successful performance free from envy and discord. Tell them that no visitors are allowed at rehearsals and that no interruptions will be permitted.

The Director arranges the entire program, and right here is a suggestion: Follow the performance as printed in this book. Then when Tommy comes to you and says, "I got a dandy gag I want to put in," you are able to answer, "We are following the book word for word." In that way the proper emphasis will be given the cross-fire and gags, the long ones coming at the proper time and the short ones following the most important songs, etc., all of which has been carefully worked out by the author in the programs given later on. Arranging the program is a very difficult thing for most directors, making a weak song lose its unpleasant impression by following it with the star joke, etc. You will experience no trouble if you choose your program from those given in the book and then follow it word for word.

The Property Man, Prompter, Electrician and Wardrobe Mistress should be appointed by the Director and work under his orders.

The Director, in spite of his power and authority, should be ready to receive suggestions when given him in private and should graciously acknowledge the same and act upon them when he realizes that they will help the performance. Above all, don't be a piker! You promised to put the show over,

so do it—and do it to the best of your ability. Don't give up the ship!

### THE MUSICAL DIRECTOR

The Musical Director should be the leader of the orchestra, or an expert pianist, if no orchestra is used. He should be competent to arrange vocal harmony and should see that the songs selected are suited to the vocal range of the singers who use them. The Director and the Musical Director select the musical numbers for the show. The best way to do this is to hear the latest phonograph records and thus get an idea of the very newest selections. The *Billboard*, a weekly theatrical magazine published at 25 Opera Place, Cincinnati, Ohio, contains lists of the latest songs and overtures. Write to some of the song publishers that advertise in this magazine and state that you intend to put on a big minstrel show and ask for a list of their latest March Songs, Ballads and Comic Songs. Tell them just what you want and they will generally send you professional copies (with full orchestration) free of charge.

For Opening Numbers, Comedy End Songs and Closing Numbers get the latest songs possible. For ballads, quartet numbers, glee numbers, bass solos and soprano solos, it is well to choose some of the old standard favorites. These always make a big hit with the audiences. The very largest professional minstrel companies for the last four or five years have included in their programs: *Old Black Joe*, *Silver Threads Among the Gold*, *You're the Flower of My Heart*, *Sweet Adeline*, *Asleep in the Deep*, *When You and I Were Young*, *Maggie*, *Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield*, *Ashore*, *A Perfect Day*, *Kentucky Babe*, *Little Alabama Coon*, *Massa's in the Cold*, *Cold Ground*, *In the Gloaming*, *Love's Old Sweet Song*, *Dixie*, *Farewell to Thee (Aloha Oe)*, *Darling Nellie Gray*, *Go to Sleep Lena my Darling (Yodel)*, *The Rosary*, *O Promise Me*, *El Capitan March* (for opening number), *The Heidelberg Stein Song*, and *Robin Adair*.

The Musical Director, or Professor, instructs the end-men in the use of their tambourines and bones, if these are used. Tambos and bones are rather obsolete just now.

Choose a lively modern march song for your opening number and do not have an elaborate medley. Make your opening short and snappy.

At your first rehearsal try your chorus on this number, then choose your tenors, your baritones and your basses, and arrange with the Director their places on the stage. It is not necessary to have your different voices sing entirely by note; sometimes the very best effect is gained by allowing your tenors to "fake," or sing by ear.

Consult with the Director concerning the ballad soloists and quartet singers.

The orchestra may be seated on the stage or in the pit. The Director should always sit in the pit in an amateur performance. The Opening and Closing Numbers should be given with full orchestra, the end songs and choruses and ballads may be given with piano only, or piano, violin and drums.

See that your Opening Number ends with a big flourish and plenty of noise.

Do not allow any songs to drag. "Pep" spells success.

Have the orchestra music all arranged on the racks before the show.

Avoid unnecessary noise in tuning up.

Give the performer a chance for his encore. The Interlocutor signals you for the encore.

Soloists, as a rule, should sing one or two verses and a chorus, then all repeat the chorus forte. If an encore is demanded repeat chorus as solo, and keep on repeating it as long as the encore lasts.

Do not despair if the voices do not blend at first; patience and drilling may work harmonic wonders.

An Opening Number, a Closing Number, two ballads, a quartet number and three end-songs make an ideal First Part program.

### THE BUSINESS MANAGER

The Business Manager should make all business arrangements for the show, arrange for the opera house for rehearsals and performance, attend to the advertising and printing of programs, and the soliciting of advertisements for the program. He should have charge of the parade (and there should always be a parade, if it's only a band and three or four cars of performers in costume) and should write notices of the show to be inserted in the newspapers as news items several days before the performance. He should be the only person allowed to issue complimentary tickets to the performance and should sign all vouchers for expenses.

He also appoints the ushers and ticket-sellers and ticket-takers. He arranges for a corps of clever young girls to canvass the town selling tickets for the show. He writes the newspaper advertising copy and window cards. Get a copy of the *Billboard* and secure the addresses of lithographers, then get some "minstrel paper" and bill the town. A negro dressed as a convict in stripes, bearing a placard advertising the show, and riding a mule will work wonders at a very little expense.

Run cuts of your leading comedians in the newspapers and on the Sunday before the show print your program in full in the newspapers.

### THE INTERLOCUTOR

Very frequently the Director assumes the character of the Interlocutor. The Interlocutor should be well known to the audience, if possible, and should enter into the gayety of the occasion. The up-stage, pompous, absurdly dignified middleman has given place to the friendly, snappy raconteur who frequently walks down to the end-men to help them make their points.

In introducing soloists he should speak directly to the audience, often advancing a step or two toward the front. He should learn his jokes exactly as they are written in the book



and not depend upon his mother-wit to assist him in elaborating a joke. Sometimes these too-clever, too-confident Interlocutors ruin the end-men's joke by over elaboration, or by revealing the point of the joke before its proper dénouement.

The Interlocutor awards the encores by signalling the Musical Director. A small paper folding fan may be carried by the Interlocutor and the joke and song cues written on the back of the fan. An Interlocutor, however, who takes proper pride in his position, will know the entire program by heart.

The Interlocutor should have a good appearance and a good enunciation. A good presiding officer of a large lodge very often makes a very good minstrel Interlocutor.

### THE PERFORMERS

1. After you have promised to be in the show, *be* in it to the best of your ability. Do whatever is required of you. Attend the rehearsals regularly and be on time. Work for the good of the whole and not for your own individual glory.

2. Remember the Director is having a hard time and trying to fill a very big job. Help him by quick, quiet obedience. *He* is running the show, not you. If you have any advice for him give it to him privately.

3. Keep your eye on the Musical Director when he is directing.

4. See that you have your complete costume, make-up material and props all ready on the night of the performance.

5. Do not cross the legs when the curtain is up. Sit erect, do not slouch.

6. Be attentive at rehearsals and alert on the night of the show. Never recognize any one in the audience, nor pay any attention whatever to the audience.

7. Appear interested in all gags and jokes but do not attract the attention of the audience to yourself, unless you are telling the joke.

8. Do not move your chair around or make any noise during the show.

9. Enunciate the words of your songs and choruses clearly.
10. Be in your dressing-room at seven o'clock on the night of the performance.

### THE END-MEN

1. Remember the brunt of the performance rests on your shoulders.
2. Omit all questionable gags or songs. Do not resort to smut to be funny. Sometimes suggestive gestures are as bad, or worse, than suggestive words.
3. Do nothing on the night of the show that you have not done at the rehearsals.
4. Never, *never*, turn your back to the audience. If you have to address the Interlocutor and he is behind you, turn your face half-way toward him.
5. Enunciate clearly, watch the punctuation marks printed with the dialogue in this book and pause a little at commas, longer at dashes and full stop at periods. Let your points sink in the brains of the audience, but do not delay the show.
6. Never do anything to attract attention to yourself when another person is performing. This is a grievous fault and should be punished by instant decapitation.
7. Practise your jokes and stunts over and over again with the other end-men and the Interlocutor, then go home and practise them alone. Learn every word of the dialogue exactly as written. Do not try to elaborate the printed text; if your dialogue is short, bear in mind that is exactly what the author wanted at that point, and remember, *he* is working for the general effect of the show, not for individual prominence.
8. When standing, stand firm; don't wriggle and don't shift around on your feet.
9. If you can dance you may do so while the chorus is singing your second chorus.
10. If an encore is demanded look at the Interlocutor and wait for his signal.

11. Don't cross your feet or your legs during the performance.

12. If bones and tambos are used play the introductions to the end-songs and in the Opening and Closing Numbers, never any other time.

13. Keep your gags secret from the public until the night of the show. Likewise your songs.

14. If the audience laugh at your lines, wait until the house is perfectly quiet before you go on, and then go on as if nothing had happened.

15. When any one else is performing, pay strict attention and show interest in your face and manner, but do not draw the attention of the audience to yourself.

16. Remember, practise makes perfect; if you want to be a big success the night of the show, work like ninety H. P. at the rehearsals.

17. Each end-man should have a copy of this book.

### THE SINGERS

1. Know the words of everything you sing perfectly. Do not join in with "la, la, la."

2. Enunciate the words distinctly.

3. In solo work and quartet singing do *not* sing too loudly. On the other hand, don't go to sleep and don't be scared to death. The audience is there and it can't get away. It won't hurt you, unless you deserve it.

4. Pay attention to the jokes and songs. Act as if you were interested. Don't be bored, or if you are, don't show it.

5. Watch the Interlocutor for encores, and watch the Musical Director now and then when you are singing solos. In chorus work watch the Professor.

6. Quartet work and harmony singing should be most thoroughly rehearsed.

7. Pay no attention to the audience at all, even if "she" is out there with another fellow.

8. If you have to march or walk around, put snap in your movements.

9. Be ready to sing the first note of your song. Do not come straggling in during the second line. Watch that attack!

### THE REHEARSALS

The Director calls the rehearsals. Start with the crowd singing the opening and closing numbers, then take the choruses of the songs that are to be sung by all. Teach everybody the dance numbers and movements. Work this way for three rehearsals. On the third rehearsal call for volunteers to "try out" for the principal rôles. You should have a pretty fair idea of their singing ability at this time.

The fourth rehearsal is your try-out. You assign some funny story and allow the contestants to work it up to suit themselves.

The end-men should be selected with great care. Usually every town has some clever comedian who invariably plays principal end. If he suits you, take him; if not, try out some raw material.

Have your end-men of different types, a short, funny, jolly, fat coon is good for a laugh, but a tall, thin, hungry-looking doleful moke may make just as good an impression. If they speak with a negro dialect, do not make it so pronounced that it is unintelligible to the audience. Practise tones and inflections at your end-men rehearsals as well as dialogue, get everything letter perfect, always make your comedians do their turn exactly the same way at rehearsals and it will succeed at the performance.

After you have cast your First Part, start immediately on your afterpiece. The fifth rehearsal should be for the principal actors in the afterpiece. Every one should have a book of the play. From now on hold a chorus rehearsal one night, and an end-man and afterpiece rehearsal the next. Five good rehearsals should next be given on the entire play, the last

rehearsal with costumes, make-up, properties, light effects, etc., exactly as it is to be on the night of the show.

Caution every one in the company not to tell the gags and plot of the afterpiece to the public. Let your performance be a surprise to the audience.

Rehearse your afterpiece with as much care as you do the First Part.

## THE NIGHT OF THE SHOW

Have every one in their dressing-rooms by seven o'clock and have two or three make-up men ready to apply the make-up.

Ring up the curtain promptly on time. Drop it on time. Have your stage made ready for Part Two as soon as the orchestra begins their selection between the First and Second Parts. Make every one work and set the stage for the afterpiece as quickly as possible. A long wait between the parts will serve to kill the Second Part of your show.

Get your audience started right with a good snappy opening number well put on, this is about one-third of the battle.

Pay no attention to any mishaps that may occur either on the stage or in the audience, but keep in good humor, and keep the performers in good humor whatever happens.

The Director and others in authority must keep themselves well in hand the night of the performance. If they get nervous or temperamental it will react on the performers and probably ruin the show.

If you want to make a hit with your show have it short, *short!* and run like lightning.

Local jokes, allusions to the town and to well-known local people, roasts on rival towns, on local politicians, etc., always are "sure-fire" hits.

Some one is bound to get excited the night of the show, but if the Director and the Interlocutor and the Musical Director keep cool, it will turn out all right even if "maw for-

got to bring my funny hat for the afterpiece" or "the spot light won't only move one way and will ruin my act!"

Make your speaking characters keep their voices up, the climax of their story is generally the last word, and see to it that it is heard.

The First Part Programs herewith given are just the right length; do not add anything unless you take out some of the material suggested.

### MAKE-UP AND COSTUMES

There is no costume more becoming or fitting for minstrelsy than the modern dress suit. The chorus should wear full evening dress suits, with white vests, uniform collars (standing), white gloves, white boutonniere, and black dress wigs, if they are to black up, if not wigs are unnecessary. The end-men should rent their costumes from some reliable costume house that specializes in minstrel goods. The Tams Costume Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City, the Hayden Costume Company, 786 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and the Kampmann Costume Company, Columbus, Ohio, have good lines. Write to one of these houses and tell them just what you want. End-men renting costumes should wear flashy satin dress suits of red, yellow or green, all alike.

If the end-men's costumes are not rented have dress suits made of bright red or yellow sateen, or wear ordinary dress suits with lapels and cuffs of bright sateen. The day of eccentric and rag-tag end costumes is past. The end-men may wear eccentric coon wigs, or simply disarrange and cork their own hair. The publishers of this book can supply a very good grade of negro wig at \$1.25 each.

Sometimes good effects are gained by dressing the entire chorus in white duck trousers, sport shirts and ties, and ends in funny sailor suits, but not grotesque. In wearing dress suits a touch of color may be added by each man having a satin ribbon one inch wide across his shirt front; use your lodge or school colors. The Interlocutor should be in cor-

rect evening costume. He may wear a white dress wig, if desired.

Many costumes have been suggested to me by the players I have directed, but the good old dependable dress suit makes the biggest and best flash.

The question of blacking up the chorus and orchestra is to be decided by the Director. Personally, I prefer to have them *au naturel*. In ladies' minstrels the chorus sometimes uses a brown creola paste, which is easily applied and comes off readily with soap and water. It does not sweat the skin and stays on well. In tin boxes, price, 40 cts. per box. This is also good for high-brown swell coons, but never for the principal comedians. This paste is sufficient for the high-brown ladies, but the sporty, light-colored men should use grease paint first, No. 19, or No. 20, 35 cts. per stick.

Two short bits of advice to black-faced comedians: Do *not* use any cold cream, vaseline or grease paint, no matter who tells you that that is the proper way. It is *not*, and they are playing you for a hick, if they really are familiar with minstrel make-up. Do *not* use bright red paint on the lips. Never!

Baker's Velvet Burnt Cork sells for 40 cts. per can, a sufficient quantity for blacking eight to ten people.

### HOW TO MAKE UP

Moisten the face with a little water, take a lump of cork the size of a small walnut in the palm of your hand; make a thin paste of it with water. Dip the forefinger of the right hand into the black and draw a line around each eye, leaving about one-eighth of an inch of white showing. Be very careful not to leave any more; better cover the eye with black than leave too much white visible. Then draw a circle around the mouth in the same way. Jolly's mouth is rather large and slopes upward at the corners. Kolly's mouth slopes downward. Take plenty of pains with the eyes and the mouth and the rest is a cinch. Rub palms together and wash your face,

neck and ears in black, being careful not to overrun the eye and mouth circles. Let it dry while you wash your hands. Then remove surplus cork with a bit of cotton. Have the end-men look each other over to see if the cork is evenly distributed. *Never mix burnt cork with anything but water.*

Put on your wigs and see if black meets black; no white spots must be visible, except around the mouth and under the eyes.

I advise you not to paint the lips at all, but several successful professional minstrels apply No. 1 grease paint to the lips, making them a pale pink. The white lips or pink lips make a much better contrast with the cork than do the bright red lips so often seen in amateur shows.

To black up a good many persons in a hurry, mix your cork in a dish with water until it is as thick as cream. Get a couple of small paint brushes and have two men make up the whole bunch in a short time.

See that your hands are perfectly clean, then put on your shirts and collars, being careful not to get them too dirty. Protect the collars with sheets of tissue paper stuck around the neck until time for the show, but *don't forget* to remove the paper. Wear white or black gloves.

### TO REMOVE THE MAKE-UP

Use castile or ivory soap, get a good lather on your hands, wash your face, then wash your hands clean, then take a sponge and get a good lather on that and cleanse thoroughly. That is all that is needed, just soap and water. If you used no grease or cold cream on your face the black will come off easily; if you hearkened to the voice of the tempter and used cream or grease of any kind, believe me, you'll have a nice little party trying to get white again. Burnt cork will not harm the most delicate complexion. Ladies may use it with perfect safety, but—girls, be sure there is no trace of cold cream or red paint on your face or lips when the cork is applied.



## OLD DARKIES

Old darkies should use bald or semi-bald gray or white wigs, gray eyebrows, whiskers and mustache. Large spectacles add to the make-up. Wrinkles are not needed. Any shaped nose may be made with nose putty, worked pliable and then corked. Stein's nose putty is 25 cents a box. Stein's spirit gum for attaching whiskers, etc., is 35 cents a bottle, with brush included.

## FINAL REMARKS

1. Select the first part that is best suited to your talent, then give it word for word. It should not run over sixty minutes from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

2. Allow a ten-minute intermission between the first and second part. Do not follow the old-time idea of having several vaudeville numbers between the first and second parts. These are generally tiresome and the men in the audience would rather have a smoke anyway! If you insist on an olio (most amateur olios are oleos) do not have anything more than a quartet number and a clever monologist, but don't allow the latter to talk the audience to death. Make it quick and snappy. A good one-reel comedy film might help things along.

3. Start your show promptly on time. Have the curtain touch the stage on the last note of your finale. If an encore is demanded, allow your end men to go before the front curtain and bow, the star making a very, *very* short speech of acknowledgment.

4. The Musical Director should have the proper cues and start the introduction to each song right away! Don't pause. Have your music ready and let 'er go! Pauses kill the show.

5. Do not forget that your audience is composed of ladies and gentlemen. Do not use any suggestive or "raw" material, no matter how funny it may seem to you. Omit all comedy references to ministers or the church. Make all your

men wear clean linen and keep your show as spotless as your linen.

6. Beware of "booze-hounds." The actor who seeks his inspiration in the bottle should be "canned" at once. Many a good show has been ruined by mottled gags sprung by semi-intoxicated actors.

7. I have employed a sort of a quasi-dialect in writing the gags. This may be used verbatim, or may be changed into current English at the discretion of the Director. The main point is to make the joke clear to every one in the audience. If a comedian's dialect is not easily understood, make him speak without it.

8. Present the afterpiece in a quick, snappy manner, and play it naturally. Don't overact. Ring down immediately on final tableau. Now, let's go—"Gentlemen, be seated!"



**Part II**  
**Complete First Parts**  
**Described in Every Detail**





## Moonlight Cabaret Minstrels

**A Complete Minstrel Show for eight black-face comedians,  
Interlocutor and chorus of ladies and  
gentlemen in white face**

*(Back drop, a garden, landscape or palace set, hung as far  
back as possible. Dark carpet on the stage.*

*The orchestra sits on an elevation running across the back of  
the stage. Have wooden horses made four feet eight inches  
high, supporting planks eighteen inches wide for the rear  
elevation. Tack bunting on the front edges of the planks so  
that it will hang down, using a definite color scheme.*

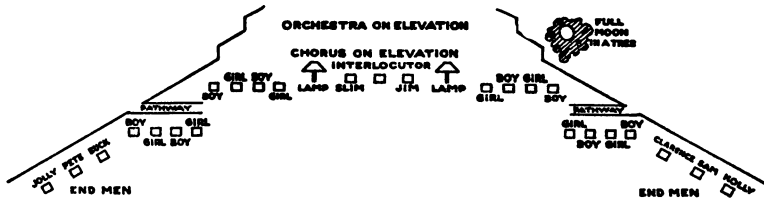
*The chorus sits on an elevation in front of the orchestra eleva-  
tion. Planks eighteen inches wide are supported by horses  
two feet four inches high. The end-men, eight boys, eight  
girls and INTERLOCUTOR sit in a semicircle on the stage, the  
INTERLOCUTOR in a large fancy chair, usually borrowed  
from a lodge, on a six or eight-inch raised platform.*

*Four small square tables, with white cloths, red-shaded electric  
lights and festoons of smilax appear on the stage. Two  
gentlemen and two ladies sit at each table, one couple at rear  
directly facing audience and gentleman at L. side facing  
audience and lady at R. side facing audience.*

*Three small seats appear down L. for end-men and three sim-  
ilar seats appear down R. These seats should be white cubes  
painted with dice-spots.*

*The black-faced heralds, SLIM and JIM are seated on the platform at feet of the INTERLOCUTOR.)*

*The stage should appear as follows at the rise of the curtain:*



### TWELVE POINTS ON SETTING THE STAGE

(1) The girls and boys at the tables must be sitting to face the audience.

(2) Two fancy floor lamps, exactly alike, with red shades, stand on either side of the Interlocutor's platform. May be borrowed from a furniture store.

(3) If there is plenty of room two or three small tables may appear on the elevation occupied by the chorus.

(4) A few large palms may appear at R. and L. on stage.

(5) A large natural bough of leaves appears at the L. of the elevation occupied by the orchestra. A small tree may be used. In the branches set a lantern enclosed in a box whose front face represents a full moon, the lantern being concealed by thin tissue paper over the face of the moon. Use yellow paper.

(6) The musical director sits at piano down in the orchestra pit and does not appear on the elevation with the orchestra. If desired a violinist may also sit in the pit with the pianist. The orchestra plays only the opening and closing numbers, but a few pieces may assist in the songs. It is absolutely necessary that the director be seated in the pit in front of the stage. In amateur performances the best result is

obtained by having the solos and comedy songs given only with piano accompaniment.

(7) Have footlights, borders, etc., all on one switch, so that at the proper signals all lights go out except the red shaded lights on the tables, the red shaded floor lights and the light in the moon-lantern. A flood light from the gallery of the house may be used to good advantage, but it is not an absolute necessity. If it is not used a floor or bunch-light from behind the scenes should shine on the stage, shaded with red paper.

(8) A back drop is not absolutely necessary. A large flag may be substituted. Solid dark red bunting makes the best background for the platforms.

(9) Small round tables may be used, if desired, but the white cloth, table lamps and smilax are necessary. Folding chairs may be used on the elevations, but the chairs on the stage should be soda-fountain chairs, if possible.

(10) The Interlocutor's platform should be covered with a fur rug.

(11) If wood wings are not used, have leafy branches taken at the sides of the stage marked "Pathway" in the illustration. All performers entering or leaving the stage use these "pathways."

(12) On small stages omit the rear elevation and seat the orchestra in the pit.

### THE OPENING NUMBER

*(When the play is ready to begin see that every one is in his proper place. The END-MEN are not on the stage, JOLLY, PETE and BUCK are off stage at L., CLARENCE, SAM and KOLLY off stage at R. VIOLIN SOLOIST (Gypsy girl or boy) is off stage at L. PRIMA DONNA is off stage at R.)*

*(Before curtain rises SLIM and JIM play a bugle call, then all sing without accompaniment.)*



The musical score consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system is for the song "Nel - ly was a la - dy, Last night she died;". The second system is for "Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My dark Vir - gin - ny bride." Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The second system includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking above the vocal line.

Nel - ly was a la - dy, Last night she died ;

Nel - ly was a la - dy, Last night she died ;

Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My dark Vir - gin - ny bride.

Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My dark Vir - gin - ny bride.

Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My dark Vir - gin - ny bride.

(The curtain rises slowly on second line, disclosing a dark stage with only the table lights, the floor lights and the moon lantern for illumination. Every one is seated. As soon as the last line is sung a BARITONE SOLOIST with a loud, clear voice and good enunciation sings:)

### AULD LANG SYNE

SOLOIST (*red spot light on him*).

You all are welcome here to-night,  
 We'll turn the night to day,  
 With song and dance and jollity  
 At the moonlight cabaret.

EVERY ONE (*applaud*). Good! Hurrah! Lights, lights!  
 INTERLOCUTOR. Let the festivities begin. Lights!

(*All lights full up. The Orchestra starts to play "At the High Brown Babies' Ball," 25 cents, Leo Feist Co., Feist Building, New York City; put as much jazz and eccentric action in playing as possible. SOLO VIOLINIST enters and plays from table to table, smiling, bending body, etc. PETE and BUCK come in and wait on the L. side tables, CLARENCE and SAM attend the R. side tables, serving lemonade, etc. Orchestra plays the selection through once. Then start on first verse playing it in song-time. The eight GIRLS line up facing audience, moving their fans and their heads in time to the music. All sing the chorus using the following words:)*

When the band begins to play,  
 Every one will start to sway,  
 We'll sing low, just for a bluff,  
 But when I say, (*shout*) Let's go Babe!  
 Treat 'em rough.  
 Hear them whisky-tenor notes,  
 I'm afraid they'll split their throats.  
 Now all together, ball the jack,  
 Tickle-toe forward and a one-step back,  
 We'll show some class, I'll say,  
 At the Moonlight Cabaret.

- (1) *On the words "When the band begins to play" the eight GIRLS march forward using short steps, swaying shoulders in time. On "treat 'em rough," they are in a line at footlights facing audience. On next line GIRLS bend to R., listening, with right hands to right ears. On line "all together," all join hands, holding them high and march backward in straight line. On "tickle-toe," take two steps forward, on "one-step," take two steps backward, then walk backward to original places.*

(2) *All other characters stand and sing this chorus at places. END-MEN all off stage.*

(3) *Repeat the same chorus, all standing in places. END-MEN enter from pathways, join hands and jazz down to footlights till line "Treat 'em rough." On "Hear them whisky tenor notes," they divide, revolving backward till they are in front of their chairs. On "all together" they dance forward and back, then forward and cross over. Pose in front of their chairs on words "Moonlight Cabaret," take final note, sustain it, every one on the stage raising right hand.*

INTERLOCUTOR. Ladies and gentlemen, please be seated. (*All are seated.*) Clarence, how are you feeling this evening?

CLARENCE. Jest like a bottle of Home Brew, Mr. Brown. Like a bottle of Home Brew.

INTER. And that means?

CLARENCE (*touching his cheek*). All corked up.

INTER. And you, Buck?

BUCK. Me? I'm feeling like an old maid on her forty-second birthday.

INTER. How's that?

BUCK (*emphatically*). Wild-eyed and desperate

INTER. And you, Sam?

SAM. Jest like ten dollars and costs.

INTER. Indeed? That's a new one. How are you feeling like ten dollars and costs?

SAM. Fine, boss, fine.

INTER. Now, Jolly, my old friend, how do you feel this evening?

JOLLY. I'm feeling all right, but Arthur is real low.

INTER. Arthur? Arthur who?

JOLLY. Our thermometer.

INTER. Now, Melancholy, I suppose you are feeling blue as usual?

KOLLY (*sadly*). Boss, blue ain't no color for it; ma misery has done turned from blues into purple, and from purple into

midnight black. I got the dislocation ob de solar plexus, de neuralgy, de assofedity, and I knows I's got a-pin-in-de-seet-us.

INTER. No, no, Kolly. You mean appendicitis, not appendeseetus.

KOLLY. It feels like a-pin-in-de-seet-us anyhow. It gives me a sharp jab every time I try to set down.

INTER. Sam, are you ready to sing?

SAM. Ready and willing, boss.

INTER. (*rising*). Our famous ebony-hued comedian, Mr. Sam Liverlip, will now unfold his musical effervescence for your entertainment.

### COMEDY SONG By SAM

*("You Ought to See Her Now," 15 cts., Jack Mills Music Publishers, 152 West 45th Street, New York, or "I'm Looking All Around for a Vampire," 15 cts., Pace and Handy Music Co., 232 West 46th Street, New York City, or "That Cat Step," vocal arrangement, Baldwin Company, 701 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Any of these songs are recommended for this place on the program.)*

INTER. Why, Pete, I don't believe I saw you before. Where have you been for the past week or two?

PETE. Me? I's been over to ——— (*Insert the name of near-by town.*)

INTER. Over to where?

PETE. Over to (*Local town.*)

INTER. What is it, a disease?

PETE. No, suh, it ain't no disease, it's jes' an unsanitary condition. You know, boss, there's only two things over there in (*Local town.*)

INTER. Only two things? What are they?

PETE. Life and death. If they see a man wearing a white collar any day but Sunday immediately a crowd gathers.

INTER. I didn't suppose they had enough people over there to make a crowd.

PETE. Oh, yes, indeed. A crowd in (*Local town.*) consists of the postmaster, two old men, an old lady and a dog. It's only recently that they possessed enough inhabitants to make a crowd. They had their Main Street stolen one night last summer.

INTER. And who stole it?

PETE. Highway robbers. It gave the police department an awful scare.

INTER. Oh, so they have a police department, have they?

PETE. 'Deed dey have, but he goes around on two crutches suffering from rheumatism.

INTER. Any pretty girls over there, Pete?

PETE. Waal, I dunno as you'd call 'em real pretty. I saw one on the street and she says, "Good-morning!" to me, jest like that. As soon as I saw her face I thought I had been asphyxiated. I asked her if she was a human being. She said, "I've lived here all my life, you can draw your own conclusions." Dat gal was the fattest gal I ever saw in ma life.

INTER. A little stout, was she?

PETE. More'n dat, she was enormous. She weighed three hundred and sixteen pounds, she did, jest three pounds less dan a horse. She was so big that the only thing she could ever get ready made was a handkerchief. I asked her what her name was and she said it was Minnie. (*Laughs.*)

INTER. But why do you laugh?

PETE. Dat was de first time in ma life I ever saw a minnie dat looked like a whale. She introduced me to her sister, Lengthy Lizzie.

INTER. Was Lizzie as fat as Minnie?

PETE. Yes, jest about as fat. I told 'em I didn't like fat girls and Lizzie said that they had a sister Lena, I might like her. (*Laughs.*) Lena cert'ny was the leanest human being I ever saw and she was so tall dat if she ever fell down she'd be half-way home.

INTER. Poor Lena!

PETE. And talk! dat gal jest gassed all the time. I called her Gassy Lena. My land! she was the thinnest lady dat I ever encountered. Why she was actually so thin dat she used to drink muddy water jest to keep people from seeing through her.

INTER. Mr. Tom Burns will now sing the latest popular success, ———.

### BALLAD By SOLOIST

(*"The Love Nest," from George M. Cohan's opera "Mary," is recommended.*)

JOLLY. Say, Mistah Brown, did you read in the paper about ——— (*Insert local name.*) It said he raised some potatoes weighing five pounds each. How come that to happen?

INTER. It's the climate, Jolly. The wonderful climate.

JOLLY. And ——— (*Insert local name.*) raised some string beans thirty-eight inches long.

INTER. Climate.

JOLLY. And my mother raised my tall sister Clara and she's six feet high.

INTER. Climate.

JOLLY. And she married little Jim Piles who's only four feet high.

INTER. Indeed? That's very remarkable. Jim only four feet high and Clara six feet? I wonder what he does when he wants a kiss?

JOLLY. Climate.

INTER. (*after the laugh*). Clara used to wash for my wife.

JOLLY. Don't your wife wash herself?

INTER. Certainly not.

JOLLY. The dirty thing!

INTER. That will do. My wife is one of the four hundred.

JOLLY. Yes, sir, I knows that. She's number 967.

INTER. Some folks say she is the most extreme dresser in town. Have you ever seen her?

JOLLY. Yes, sir. I saw her at the opera last week.

INTER. Then you saw her wonderful débutante dress, did you?

JOLLY. I saw part of it. Skirt and a belt, that's all.

INTER. That was her coming out dress.

JOLLY. Yes, sir, I know that. She was almost out when I saw her.

INTER. I shall admit the gown was a little extreme, but it was my wife's own invention. She's original, and no matter what people say, she stands by her own opinion. No one can dictate to her. She has plenty of backbone and originality.

JOLLY. Yes, sir. I saw the backbone at the opera.

INTER. She knew people would talk about that gown, but she wore it just to show her independence.

JOLLY. And, believe me, she did.

INTER. We shall now be entertained by the city's favorite comedian, Mr. Kolly, who will mournfully interpret his woe-begone blues.

### "BLUES" SONG BY KOLLY

*("The Alimony Blues" by Handy is recommended.)*

*(KOLLY comes mournfully forward, shoulders drooping, voice almost weeping, and sings very slowly one of the ever-popular blues songs. Note that these songs are almost invariably sung too rapidly by amateurs. Take it slow, mournful and pathetic. Write to Pace and Handy Music Co., 232 West 46th Street, New York City, tell them that you wish to feature a new blues song as principal end-man in an amateur minstrel show, and ask them*

*to send you their latest version suitable for a man singer.  
As KOLLY comes forward CLARENCE and BUCK retire to  
prepare for their COSTUME NUMBER.)*

INTER. (*after KOLLY's song*). I tell you the men and women of to-day are not what they used to be.

SAM. Dat's right, Mr. Brown, dey used to be children.

INTER. Wouldn't you like to live your married life all over again, Sam?

SAM. Who, me? After all dat I've gone through. Never no more, no time.

INTER. Don't talk like that. Your wife is a splendid woman. At least that's how she strikes me.

SAM. And wif a washboard, dat's how she strikes me.

INTER. Your wife always says she misses you when you are away.

SAM. Dat's de truth, she misses me when I'm away, but, oh, man, how she do hit me when I'm at home.

INTER. Is your wife still interested in politics?

SAM. No, sah, since the ladies got the vote she interested in something else now, the movement to increase woman's wages.

INTER. Ah, I suppose you favor it?

SAM. 'Deed I do. Every woman should get at least twenty dollars a week. I don't see how she can decently support a husband on less. We've just had an addition to our family.

INTER. Well, well, allow me to congratulate you.

SAM. Man, don't congratulate me. Offer me sympathy, offer me sympathy.

INTER. Sympathy? I thought you said you just had an addition to your family.

SAM. I did. My mother-in-law's come to live with us. And I'm so happy. Dear old lady!

INTER. I'm glad to hear you speak so well of your wife's mother.

SAM. I can't find words to express my feelings for her,



and even if I could the board of censors would never allow me to use them in this theater.

INTER. Sam, I'm surprised at you.

SAM. Den my wife's sister she lives with me, too.

INTER. You seem to have married the whole family.

SAM. She's going to be married though. You know (*Any name.*)? He's going to marry her. He proposed last Thursday night and I suppose he went blissfully away from our house, thinking the whole world was one rosy dream, and murmuring to himself, "She's mine, she's mine!" My wife's sister she didn't act that way, at all.

INTER. Indeed? And how did she act when (*Name.*) proposed to her?

SAM. The minute the front door closed on poor old (*Name.*) she hollered up-stairs to me and my wife, "Thank goodness, I hooked the poor prune at last!"

INTER. So they are going to be married?

SAM. Shore are. But I hope they have better luck than I did. When I started on my honeymoon it began to rain cats and dogs, and I've been leading a cat and dog's life ever since. You remember the old saying,

If the sky is clear and bright,  
Marriage will be a big delight;  
But if the sky is black as ink,  
Husband has to sleep in the sink.

And that's me.

INTER. (*rising*). The little dissertations on matrimonial infelicity always seem very popular in minstrels and in vaudeville acts, but in every case they are greatly exaggerated. If I were offering a toast, I'd say, "Here's to the Ladies, God bless 'em, every one." And now to present the true and real side of married life, I intend to call upon our talented reader, Mr. Pete ——— and have him recite Walter Ben Hare's famous poem, "Old Friend Wife."

PETE (*comes forward and recites simply but feelingly, the following poem to musical accompaniment*).

## OLD FRIEND WIFE

'Twas a party in the city,  
And the crowd was rather gay;  
They had wined and dined and toasted  
In the good old-fashioned way.  
The last speaker on the program  
Gave a lesson straight from life,  
When he said, "Boys, lift your glasses  
In a toast to Old Friend Wife."

Then a hush went round the table,  
Each one thought it was a joke,  
But the speaker paused a minute,  
When he spoke his clear voice broke:  
"I am serious, friends and brothers,  
Toast the grandest things in life,  
Toast our sisters and our mothers,  
And at last toast Old Friend Wife.

"Hand in hand you've gone together  
The gold years and the gray,  
Summer shines and winter weather  
Each has come your way.  
She was glad when you were lucky,  
And when gloom and jinx were rife,  
Words of cheer and smiles so plucky  
Came to you from Old Friend Wife.

"Oh, I know she's sometimes balky,  
And, of course, that makes you peeved;  
Midnight lectures, yes, she's talky,  
And you think you're deeply grieved.  
Just have patience, keep your temper,  
Do not mar your married life—  
In your heart of hearts you worship  
Balky, talky Old Friend Wife.

- “ Stop a minute, think it over,  
 Nine times out of ten she’s right.  
 Why should she stay home so lonely  
 While you’re chasing round at night?  
 She’s a soldier in life’s battle,  
 Though there’s ne’er a drum nor fife!  
 Help her fight her cares and troubles,  
 She’s a hero, Old Friend Wife.
- “ When you go to work each morning  
 Kiss the wife a fond good-bye,  
 Praise her looks and praise her cooking  
 As you did in days gone by.  
 Take her in your arms and tell her  
 She’s the crowning joy of life,  
 Bring her flowers and bring her candy—  
 Sweetheart ever, Old Friend Wife.
- “ Take a tip from me, my brothers,  
 Strew the flowers along her way,  
 For she won’t be with you always,  
 Soon the gold will turn to gray.  
 Take her hand and call her Sweetheart,  
 Shield her close from cares and strife;  
 God alone knows all her troubles,  
 Mother, Chum and Old Friend Wife.”<sup>1</sup>

INTER. The Moonlight Cabaret Minstrels are particularly fortunate this evening in being able to present their patrons with a selection from the city’s favorite soprano. Mrs. (Name.), will next oblige us with “Can’t You Hear Me Callin’, Caroline?” assisted by the Ladies’ Chorus.

<sup>1</sup> From “*Costume Monologues*,” a book of twenty original monologues and recitations, for sale by Walter H. Baker Company, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.00. Inserted here by especial authority of Walter H. Baker Company.

(LIGHTS OUT. SPOT LIGHT on SOLOIST who enters from pathway, comes down c. The eight girl singers, or eight female harmony singers, group around her as she sings, "Can't You Hear Me Callin', Caroline?" This famous song by Gardner and Roma is a never-failing hit. Do not permit any one to substitute another song for this, as it always goes "big" with any audience. There is also a male quartet arrangement of it that is very popular. If properly sung this number will be the big feature of your show.)

INTER. Mr. ——— Jolly, the Black Spasm of Mirth, will now sing "Everybody Wants a Key to Ma Cellar."

### COMEDY SONG By JOLLY

(Any other Bert Williams or Al Jolson song may be substituted. For a good list see catalogue of Columbia Records, issued at dealers in Columbia Graphophones.)

INTER. Well, Kolly, I see you're still looking down in the mouth. Don't you ever cheer up?

KOLLY. No, boss, I never does.

INTER. (coming to him). More hard luck, I suppose. You are always in trouble.

KOLLY. Man, ma maiden name is Misery. I'z a melancholy nigger from a mournful district and hard luck jest naturally roosts right unda ma hat.

INTER. Why don't you cheer up? Good luck is bound to come your way some time.

KOLLY. Who, me? Boss, I knowed a man what was walkin' along de street and he fell in a coal-hole and broke bofe his laigs. He sued de man dat owned de coal-hole and got six hundred dollars.

INTER. That was lucky. Why didn't you try the same thing?

KOLLY. I did try it. I come along and fell in de same

coal-hole. Like to ruined me forever. Broke ma hip-bone, laig-joints, fractured ma wish-bone, dislocated ma ribs, discolored my solar plexus, gimme a permanent infraction ob two-buckles on de lungs, contaminated ma spine and bumped ma anatomy. And what you reckon dey did?

INTER. Gave you a thousand dollars.

KOLLY. No, sah. No, sah! Dey fined me 'leven dollars an' seventy-two cents for tryin' to steal coal. (*Pause.*) Boss, my maiden name sure is Misery.

INTER. You should find something that will take your mind from your troubles. Now babies, for instance, are you interested in babies?

KOLLY. I was once. I took her in de ice-cream parlor down on (*Name "tough" negro district.*) Street. We drunk some kind ob a curious mixture an' when I woke up the baby was gone, and so was my ten dollar watch and all my roll ob money. Misery, misery! Right back home.

INTER. No, no, you fail to grasp my meaning.

KOLLY. She didn't fail to grasp ma ten dollar watch and my roll.

INTER. I was speaking of real babies, little infants. For instance, I have a baby boy only ten months old and he can say "papa" and "mamma" and is beginning to walk.

KOLLY. Dat's nothing, nothing a-tall. My married sister has a boy in his third year who weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, is over six feet tall and can kick a football a thousand yards.

INTER. (*doubtingly*). You say he is over six feet tall and is only in his third year?

KOLLY. Yes, sah. His third year in college. Say, boss, I wants to ask you a question. What do you call dese yere people who eats snow and lives up round the north pole?

INTER. They are called Eskimos.

KOLLY. How do you tell a man Eskimo from a lady Eskimo?

INTER. Well, I'm sure I don't know. Don't they both dress alike?

KOLLY. No, sah, dat's how you tell 'em apart. De lady Eskimo wears an es-kimono. Say, you bet I ain't gwine buy no more furniture at Mr. (*Name*)'s store.

(INTERLOCUTOR resumes his seat.)

INTER. Indeed, and why not? He is an honest store-keeper and a very upright gentleman.

KOLLY. Yas, he might be all dat, but I certn'y has got my suspicions of him just the same. You know he runs an advertisement in the (*Name.*) newspaper. It says "Mr. (*Name.*) stands behind everything he sells."

INTER. I think that's a very good trademark and an excellent idea. I can see nothing in that to make you boycott him.

KOLLY. Yas, but you see ma wife was thinking about buying a bed.

INTER. Messrs. Buck and Clarence, our famous impersonators, present the latest Broadway novelty, "In Candy Land with You."

(BUCK and CLARENCE, dressed as Sport and Cullud Belle sing "In Candy Land with You." Write to Eliza Doyle Smith, 59 East VanBuren Street, Chicago, Ill., for this song, stating that you want the "double" arrangement. Price 25 cts. "I Want to be in Dixie" by Irving Berlin may be substituted, or any jazz duet. Practise gestures, simple dance steps, etc., and this number will go big. Exit in pathway at end of specialty.)

INTER. (*rises and comes forward to c. of stage, front*).

And now our First Part's ended,

We hope we made things hum,

Our Second Part is just as good

The best is yet to come.

(END-MEN, BUCK, CLARENCE, BUGLERS, PRIMA DONNA and VIOLIN SOLOIST line up on either side of the INTER-

LOCUTOR. Boys and Girls form back of them.  
CHORUS on elevation rise and all sing to the tune of the chorus of "Good-bye, Broadway, Hello, France," published by Leo Feist Co., Feist Building, New York City for 15 cts. Use full orchestra for this.)

### GOOD-BYE, BROADWAY, HELLO, FRANCE!

Good-bye, ladies, good-bye all,  
Meet us at the door,  
We'll remove the cork and make-up,  
Be ourselves once more.  
Now we'll start the Second Part,  
We hope you'll like the play,  
But don't forget the happy hour  
At the Moonlight Cabaret.

ALL (*extend arms to audience and sing softly in harmony as the curtain slowly falls*).

Farewell, farewell, my own true love,  
Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

### CURTAIN

## Impromptu Minstrels

For Interlocutor, Male Quartet and Four End-Men.

A Minstrel Show that may be given anywhere, as no scenery is necessary, not even a front curtain. Nine chairs, a piano, rag-bag costumes and very few properties are all that are necessary. Six rehearsals are enough to put this entertainment over "big," if every one gets down to work.

All the performers black up, and all wear comedy misfit clothes. This is a sort of a happy-go-lucky show, but if carefully managed and prepared it will prove as big a success as a much more elaborate entertainment.

It was written for the Boys' Literary Society of the Springfield, Mo., High School and has been successfully produced from manuscript in all parts of the country.

Costumes: Any old clothes of a comedy nature will do; in the original performance JOLLY wore very large, old shoes, white sock on one foot and red on the other, trousers very tight and coming half-way between knee and ankle, white sport shirt dotted with red paint spots, ladies' lace collar, and small red felt hat with tall green feather sticking up in front. For his Parson costume he wore a long duster, a tattered plug hat made by covering a pasteboard form with black cloth, white shirt, collar and black tie. Large spectacles. Bits of gray cotton glued to his face for mustache, whiskers and eyebrows and a home-made wig of a black skull-cap and gray cotton. KOLLY wore big black shoes, red socks, white duck



trousers, waiter's coat, bright green tie made of paper muslin, negro wig and chef's white hat. SAM wore a gray suit about six sizes too large for him, a red vest and a girl's tam cap. He changes to a white dress, mosquito-netting veil, wreath of white paper roses and large bridal bouquet of sunflowers. PETE wore a yellow and black blazer, checked trousers and a small derby hat. INTERLOCUTOR wore a misfit full dress suit, and the quartet wore miscellaneous comedy clothes. On PETE's last entrance he wears a swell overcoat, top hat, large red bouquet in buttonhole, yellow gloves and a big cane.

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SETTING:—*A semicircle of nine chairs, the backs covered with pillow-cases. If no curtains are used the nine performers march in through the audience and march out the same way.*

(Opening:—*Use a bright, lively marching song. Enter marching, singing first verse. Sing chorus marching or dancing around the stage. The Quartet then sings a short selection in harmony. Then repeat the chorus of your first song, making as much noise as possible.*)

INTERLOCUTOR. Gentlemen, be seated. (*All sit down.*)

(*JOLLY and KOLLY are the end-men nearest the audience, SAM sits next to KOLLY and PETE next to JOLLY. The INTERLOCUTOR sits at c. with the quartet to his R. and L.*)

INTER. Say, Jolly, how are you on epigrams?

JOLLY. Never rode on one. Is it anything like a mule?

INTER. No, no; I mean how are you on composing short, pungent truisms?

JOLLY. Oh, I get you. You mean something like this, Uneasy lies the head that needs a hair-cut. Just like that.

KOLLY. Oh, I'm good at that thing, too.

INTER. Very well, Kolly, you may proceed.

KOLLY. Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and they think you're bughouse.

INTER. Now try this one. He who hesitates —

PETE. He who hesitates gets left by the last car.

INTER. Honest is the best policy —

SAM. Honest is the best policy, but don't get caught at it.

INTER. One touch of nature —

1ST TENOR. One touch of nature makes the whole world wonder if you'll stand for another touch.

INTER. Beggars should never be —

2D TENOR. Beggars should never be boozers, but they are.

INTER. A fool and his money —

BARITONE. A fool and his money (*Scratches his head.*)  
A fool and his money are hard to find.

INTER. Never put off until to-morrow —

BASS. Never put off till to-morrow those that you can do to-day.

INTER. My parents used to threaten to beat some sense into my head.

JOLLY. Those idle threats that parents never carry out should be discouraged in every way possible.

INTER. Our jolly comedian, Mr. Jolly, will now jolly us along with that jolly song entitled (*Name of song here.*)

### END SONG BY JOLLY

INTER. And now our popular ballad singer will render (*Name of song*).

### BALLAD BY 2D TENOR

JOLLY. Say, boss, I got a new girl now. Her name's Liza Jellyroll, lives over at Crabapple Crick. Big fat gal, weighs purt' nigh two hundred pounds.

INTER. I don't believe I'm acquainted with Miss Jellyroll.

JOLLY. Sure you know her. (*Expansive gesture.*) Big fat gal, lives over at Crabapple Crick. Weighs over two hundred pounds.

INTER. Stout, isn't she?

**JOLLY.** You tell 'em, she's stout. She's more'n that, she's fat. Excruciatingly fat. Weighs two hundred and twenty pounds.

**INTER.** One moment, Jolly, you can't say excruciatingly fat.

**JOLLY.** How come I can't? That's what she is. Big fat gal, weighs purt' nigh two hundred and fifty pounds.

**INTER.** The word excruciatingly means painfully. You wouldn't say that Miss Jellyroll was painfully fat, would you?

**JOLLY.** 'Course I would.

**INTER.** But it is incorrect.

**JOLLY.** Say, whose gal is dis Liza Jellyroll, yours or mine?

**INTER.** You may have her, I don't want her.

**JOLLY.** Then I say she's painfully fat. Most painfully. If she'd ever sat on your lap for an hour at a time, you'd know what I mean. She's a monstrous fat gal, Liza is, weighs every ounce of two hundred and seventy-five pounds.

**INTER.** But if your Liza sat in your lap, Jolly, you should feel flattered.

**JOLLY.** I does. I feel flattened all over.

**INTER.** How did you happen to get acquainted with Liza, Jolly?

**JOLLY.** I met her at a picnic. I saw her on the dancing platform and I thought they'd moved one of the tents up there and it was shimmying 'round. She's the fattest gal I ever saw, boss, shore is. Tips the scales at three hundred pounds.

**INTER.** I suppose you danced with her at the picnic.

**JOLLY.** Oh, yes, sir, yes, sir. Miss Jellyroll ain't so much at dancin' with her feet, but when de jazz band played "That Shivering Shimmy" ain't no one at the whole picnic could quiver like Liza. She shore did shake a wicked wiggle. But you know, boss, there certainly is a great responsibility dancing with a girl who weighs three hundred and twenty-five pounds.

**INTER.** Wait a minute, what do you know about responsibility?

**JOLLY.** Did you ever dance with three hundred and forty-five pounds?

INTER. I can't say that I ever did.

JOLLY. Then you don't know nothing about responsibility.

INTER. Why, certainly I know all about responsibility. I know what the word means; I am just trying to ascertain if you do.

JOLLY. I'll tell you; you see I was dancing and wiggling 'round with my Jellyroll when all of a sudden—blooey!

INTER. What do you mean by blooey?

JOLLY. One of my suspender buttons—blooey, busted right off.

INTER. Well, what has that to do with responsibility?

JOLLY (*mournfully*). It's got everything to do with it.

INTER. In what particularity?

JOLLY. Why jest look at the responsibility there was on that other button.

INTER. Mr. Pete ——, our talented Al Jolson, will now warble for our edification, "Mammy Blossom's Possum Party."

### SONG BY PETE

(*"Mammy Blossom's Possum Party" by Field and Morse, Victor Record 18354, is recommended, or any late popular comedy song.*)

(*JOLLY exits to prepare for finale.*)

SAM. Say, boss, where you spend your holidays last summer?

INTER. Oh, I went down to the seaside. I understand you took a hunting trip.

SAM. Yes, sir. Went out on the prairies to shoot game.

INTER. You must have had a very happy time.

(*Comes down to him.*)

SAM. One fine morning I started out a-hunting. I shoul-

dered my dog and my gun came running along after me. I made up my mind that I was going to get everything that looked like game, so the first thing I shot was a mosquito.

INTER. Yes?

SAM. The next thing I shot was a fish.

INTER. A fish? Nonsense. How could you shoot a fish?

SAM. This was a flying fish; I shot him on the fly.

INTER. Well!

SAM. The next thing I shot was a woodcock.

INTER. You shot a woodcock?

SAM. Next thing I shot was a peacock.

INTER. Go on!

SAM. Next thing I shot was a turncock.

INTER. A turncock! Why, a turncock's not a bird.

SAM. It's a bird if it'll help you draw some Home Brew.

INTER. Proceed with your story.

SAM. The next thing I shot was a deer.

INTER. (*excited*). You shot a deer!

SAM (*dramatically*). Yes, and when I pulled in my line there was a red snapper on the end of it.

INTER. What are you talking about?

SAM. Talking about them fish I caught.

INTER. But you were out on the prairie hunting.

SAM. Wasn't I fishing?

INTER. Of course not, you were hunting.

SAM. I thought I was fishing. Of course I was hunting. I just killed a deer, didn't I?

INTER. That's what you said.

SAM. Had a dog with me, didn't I?

INTER. So you informed us.

SAM. What kind of a dog was it?

INTER. How should I know?

SAM. It must have been a spitz dog. Well, when I saw this here deer all I had to do was to pull the trigger and the deer dropped dead. Then I heard my dog barking in the bushes, I ran to him, and what you reckon I saw?

INTER. I don't know; what did you see?

SAM. See a mud turtle on the end of my line.

INTER. What line?

SAM. Fishing line.

INTER. No, no. You're not fishing, you're still hunting. You heard your dog in the bushes and you ran to see what he was barking at. What was it?

SAM. It was a bear.

INTER. Nonsense.

SAM. No nonsense about it. It was a great big grizzly she-male bear.

INTER. And what did you do?

SAM. I said here's a chance to extinguish myself, so I throwed ma gun away, and said, "Go get him, doggie."

INTER. (*sarcastically*). And I suppose he got him.

SAM. No, sah, I pulled him in myself. All by my own self. The line and the pole was a-wigglin' this way, and that way. But when I pulled it in it was the biggest trout that was ever caught in them prairies.

INTER. There you go again. Now you're fishing.

SAM. Course I'm fishing.

INTER. What became of the bear?

SAM. What bear?

INTER. The bear in the bushes.

SAM. Oh, *that* bear? Well, he scared me, so I made a dash.

INTER. (*excited*). You made a dash.

SAM. I made a bold dash.

INTER. You made a dash for the bear?

SAM. No, not for the bear, from the bear.

INTER. Did you run?

SAM. Run? Man, I jest naturally oozed. Den I reached a tree. I jest climbed that old tree right up to the top. That was the only thing that saved me.

INTER. But a bear can climb a tree.

SAM. Dat old bear never climbed *this* tree.

INTER. And why not? Why couldn't the bear climb *that* tree?

SAM. 'Cause when I got up to the top I pulled the tree up after me.

INTER. That certainly was a bear story.

*(Goes back to seat.)*

SAM. I certainly am stating the bare facts.

INTER. I think you are a bare-faced prevaricator.

SAM. You think I'm a bear? *(Sings.)* I'm a bear, I'm a bear, I'm a bear.

INTER. I think you're a bare-faced prevaricator.

SAM. Well, if that's what you think, you know what I'm goin' to do?

INTER. What are you going to do? Kill another bear?

SAM. No, sah, I'm jest going to grin and bear it.

INTER. Mr. Parkey Bird, our deep-voiced basso profundo will now sing "Out on the Deep."

### BASS SOLO

*("Out on the Deep" is a standard bass solo and always takes well with the audience. "Nancy Lee," "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," "Asleep in the Deep," "The Bedouin Love Song," are all good bass solos.)*

*(SAM exits to prepare for the wedding.)*

INTER. Well, Melancholy, what are you doing for a living nowadays?

KOLLY. I'm raising eggs for a livin', dat's all. Jest raisin' eggs.

INTER. You mean you are raising chickens.

KOLLY. No, sah, the neighbors raise the chickens, and I go round at night and raise the eggs.

INTER. Then you never have raised any chickens?

KOLLY. Only one. I met one lonesome little chicken in the road one night and I took her home to raise. Man, that

chicken certainly caused me trouble. I never had so much trouble in my life as I did raising that young chicken from a broiler to hen-hood. She was so lazy. All the time wanting to set. One day that fool chicken set for six hours on my old wood-chopping ax.

INTER. Why on earth did she set on an ax?

KOLLY. She thought may be she could hatchet.

INTER. I suppose you understand all about poultry.

KOLLY. 'Deed I does. Only one man knows more about poultry than I do. It's ———. (*Name a local lady-killer.*) You have to hand it to that boy for hunting and picking chickens.

INTER. But as you are an authority on poultry perhaps you can answer this question. (*Comes down to him.*) Suppose a hen lays a dozen eggs.

KOLLY. All at once?

INTER. Certainly not.

KOLLY. I was jest going to say dat certainly was *some* hen.

INTER. Suppose a hen lays a dozen eggs and then along comes another hen and hatches those eggs. Now who is the mother of the chickens, the hen that laid the eggs or the hen that hatched them?

KOLLY. Are you still talking to me?

INTER. Of course I'm talking to you.

KOLLY. What kinda eggs you talking about?

INTER. It doesn't matter. Suppose a hen lays a dozen eggs and another hen hatches them, which hen is the mother of the chickens?

KOLLY. Why don't you ask somebody else? A little thing like that is too easy for me.

INTER. Nevertheless I don't think you can answer it.

KOLLY (*quickly*). Yes, I can; yes, I can.

INTER. Then which hen is the mother?

KOLLY. What kind of a hen is she?

INTER. Just a common every-day hen.

KOLLY. A lady-like hen?



INTER. Certainly.

KOLLY. Got a good reputation?

INTER. Of course she has.

KOLLY. Has the hatcher of the eggs got a good reputation, too?

INTER. Certainly. Now which hen is the mother of the chickens?

KOLLY. You want to know who's the mother?

INTER. That's what I'm trying to find out.

KOLLY. Now let's just figure this thing out. In the first place who is the father of them eggs?

INTER. That has nothing to do with it.

KOLLY. Why, certainly it has. I'm just trying to prove an alibi for my hen.

INTER. I see that you are totally unable to cope with the profundity of the proposition.

KOLLY. That's just what I'm doing. Just exactly.

INTER. What?

KOLLY. Coping with the profundity. Dat's how come I want to know who is the father.

INTER. You'd better give it up.

KOLLY (*counting on fingers*). Now lemme get you straight. You say one egg lays a dozen chickens, and then along comes another egg and sets on the chickens and hatches out a dozen hens.

INTER. Nothing of the sort. One egg lays a dozen chickens —

KOLLY. There, I've got you all mixed up. Whoever heard tell of an egg laying a chicken?

INTER. You're the one who is mixed up. I said suppose a hen lays a dozen eggs.

KOLLY. Are these the same old eggs?

INTER. Certainly.

KOLLY. They is getting mighty aged by this time. I don't reckon they ever will hatch out now.

INTER. And another hen hatches them. Now which is the mother?

KOLLY. The hen that laid the eggs.

INTER. Not at all. The hen that hatched the eggs is the mother.

KOLLY. You don't know nothing about it.

INTER. You still maintain that the hen that laid the eggs is the mother?

KOLLY. I most certainly dooze.

INTER. Then who is the other hen?

KOLLY. She's no relation to the family at all. She's just the nurse, she is. She takes care of the chicks while the mamma hen goes down-town to vote.

INTER. You can't prove what you say.

KOLLY. 'Deed I can. Now for instance, suppose a duck lays a dozen eggs.

INTER. Then they are duck eggs.

KOLLY. I'll say they are. What other kinda eggs is a duck goin' to lay?

INTER. Very well, proceed.

KOLLY. Well, suppose a *duck* lays a dozen eggs and suppose a *hen* comes along and sets on them eggs, and hatches out a dozen *ducks*. Have you got the everlasting nerve to stand up there and tell me right to my very face that the hen is the mother of them ducks? Man, did you ever see a hen lay *ducks*?

INTER. Our harmonious quartet will now liquidize the air with a few vocal spasms with the kind indulgence of the corner and the traffic cop.

### MALE QUARTET

(Sing two numbers, using well-known selections. "Way Down Yander in the Cornfield," "Sailing Away on the Henry Clay," "Darktown Strutters Ball," "Old Black Joe," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Sweet Adeline," "A Perfect Day," "Darling Nellie Gray"—have been wonderful hits in the most successful minstrel shows.

*Do not sing too loud; harmonic effects are most successful when sung softly.)*

PETE. Did you ever go to school, Mr. Brown?

INTER. Why, certainly, Pete. I have a college degree. Did you ever attend college?

PETE. Yassir, I done went to college. Took a letter up there once to the president's office. But I went to nigger night school, too. Met all kind of smart men up there at the night school.

INTER. Indeed? Who were they?

PETE (*counts on fingers*). Well, there was old George Gravey.

INTER. I suppose you are referring to geography.

PETE. Yas, dat's de time. Den there was old Matthew, old Matthew, I done disrecommember his last name.

INTER. You mean mathematics.

PETE. Dat's de time. And Algy, Algy was there, too.

INTER. Algy Bray.

PETE. Dat's de time. And Jimmy Nastycuss he was there, too.

INTER. Gymnastics.

PETE. Yassir, Jim Nasty-tricks. I didn't learn none of them things, though. I jest learned spelling.

INTER. And what can you spell, Pete?

PETE. I got as far as (*Spells.*) M-U-D.

INTER. That's mud.

PETE. And that's where I stuck. The teacher was all the time spanking me.

INTER. He chastised you, did he?

PETE. Dat's de time. Nearly every day he'd lambast me with a paddle. And the worst thing about it was, there was a nail in that paddle.

INTER. That's very sad, Pete.

PETE. Sad ain't no name for it, it was lamentable. One day I take old Georgy Gravey and put him right back here. (*Hand to hip.*)

INTER. You put the geography there to protect you, did you?

PETE. Dat's de time. Teacher lambasted me jest the same. But old book wasn't no protection agin dat paddle wif a nail in it. Whack, went de paddle. I felt it clean through the United States and over into China. Whack went de paddle, clean through Asia and down into Australia. Whack, went the paddle—and right there was where I exploded. Dat nail went clean through the Pacific Ocean and pierced into the interior of Africa, and I ain't sot down since.

INTER. Melancholy, are you ready to sing?

KOLLY. Is you all ready to listen to me?

INTER. Of course, we've all been vaccinated. (*Rises.*) Mr. Kolly will now paint the stage a deep mournful blue by singing "The St. Louis Blues."

#### END SONG BY KOLLY

[PETE *exits.*

INTER. Ladies and gentlemen, we shall conclude our burnt-cork festivities by the celebration of a Coontown wedding. Mr. Pinky Pinfeathers, our esteemed and impressionable cullud deacon, announces the wedding of his daughter Miss Tickle Pinfeathers to the high-brown and highly respected head-barber, Mr. Abraham Lincoln Liverlip. The ceremony is to be performed by Parson Doodlebug Doofunny. Here comes the parson now.

#### CHORD

(*Enter JOLLY dressed as aged negro parson.*)

JOLLY. Breddern and sistern, before de nuptiality ceremony commences I intends to make a few remarks for d' edification and d' elucidation of de pore benighted heathen dat I sees here before me on dis suspicious and susceptible occasion. (*To KOLLY.*) Boy!

KOLLY. Right yere, parson.

JOLLY. Bring me ma pulpit.

KOLLY (*places music rack before JOLLY*). Dere's de pulpit. (*Resumes seat.*) Breddern and sisterin: I done read de Good Book through from kiver to kiver from lid to lid and from end to end, from de Book ob Generations what was written by old Brudder Moses to de Book ob Rebolutions which was fit by General Gawdge Washington, and nowhere do I find a more appropriate text dan de place whar Paul pinted de Pistol at de Philippines an' said, "Dou art de man."

KOLLY. Oh, parson, wash my soul!

JOLLY. And dis brings me to de pint whar dat woman Jezebel sassed dat king Ahab from de roof-tops. Ahab say to his soldiers, "Go up and throw dat woman down," and they threw her down. Den he say, "Go up and throw her down again," and they threw her down again; an' he say, "Take her back up and throw her down seben times," and they throwed her down seben times, and ast if dat ain't enough.

KOLLY. Hallelujah!

JOLLY. But Ahab done got his dander up, and say, "No! Dat ain't enough. Throw her down sebenty times seben." And afterwards dey done pick up twelve baskets ob de fragments thereof.

KOLLY. Look down, old Ahab!

JOLLY. Dis brings us to de time when Abraham led de chillun ob Israel into Egypt, and Moses led 'em out again, 'cause de folks ob Egypt was so bad dat dey was inflected wid de ten plagues ob flies and lice.

KOLLY. Oh, brother, throw out de life-line!

JOLLY. But Moses done had the right on his side, so he crossed de Red Sea in a submarine, and old King Faro got drowned with all his host. De mummy of dat same Faro is still alive in de big museums ob de world, but whar de host is no man can tell.

KOLLY. Come quick and a-wash me! Wash me in de golden sea!

JOLLY. Moses and de Jews went trabellin' over de desert till one day dey gets so hungry dat dey makes a fatted calf ob gold while Moses was up in de mountain gettin' a couple ob tablets for his indisposition. But when he yeerd about dat calf ob gold Moses come tearin' down de mountain and busted dem tablets ober Aaron's haid, and dey killed de fatted calf and put a ring on his finger, 'cause de prodigal had done return.

KOLLY. Oh, glory!

JOLLY. And there is more rejoicing ober one sinner saved dan ninety and nine what don't know enough to put their money in de contribution box instid ob shootin' it away on craps.

KOLLY. You tell 'em, old street car company, you got the power!

JOLLY. You-all must recomember de good old time Mefodis' hymn what says, "Salvation am Free but it Certainly Takes Money to Pay de Parson!"

INTER. Parson, I think the wedding party is now ready.

JOLLY. Very well, my brudder, strike up the band and let the festivities begin.

*(Wedding March. SAM, as bride, enters leaning on the arm of PETE, as groom.)*

JOLLY. Tickle Pinfeathers, grasp de right hand ob Abraham Lincoln Liverlip. Abraham Lincoln Liverlip, you likewise and notwithstanding in de presence of these yere witnesses, grasp de right hand ob Miss Tickle Pinfeathers. Now Abraham Lincoln Liverlip, am there anything you wish to say before I passes sentence and marries you to dis woman who is condescending to become your wife?

PETE (*edges to entrance*). Well, parson—

SAM (*jerks him back*). Never you mind edgin' to dat door. Dere ain't no escape now. Abraham Lincoln Liverlip, you's got to face the music; and take it from me, de band is gwine to play the Weddin' March or a Funeral March. Which do you prefer?

PETE (*in high squeaky voice*). I prefers a weddin', Miss Pinfeathers, I prefers a weddin'.

JOLLY. The groom should remove his hat. I say, the groom should take off his hat.

SAM. Man, don't you know 'nough to take off your hat when you gwine to be married? Take off dat hat. You ain't got no more manners'n a billy goat.

JOLLY. Children ob Ham, coming along de road from childhood you has done picked up many a splinter of adwersosity.

KOLLY. Yes, parson, you shore am a-speaking de truth.

JOLLY. But now you two is about to be throwed into a whole nest full ob brambles where there'll be weeping and wailing and gnashing ob teeth. Where, no matter what you do, stand up, set down, go forward or pull backward, de thorns and de brambles will keep a-proddin' and a-stickin'.

KOLLY. And may de Lawd hab mercy on your souls.

JOLLY. Henceforth for you there am no joy, no hope, no rest, no nothin'. Abraham Lincoln Liverlip, do you take dis yere young girl to be your un-lawful wedded wife, to love, honor and dis-obey her as long as ye both do live?

SAM. Bow your head, nigga, what ails you?

JOLLY. Miss Tickle Pinfeathers, do you take dis masculine gender to be your husband and agree to try to learn to love him and to make him obey you?

SAM (*coyly*). Dem is my intentions, parson.

JOLLY. Abraham Lincoln Liverlip, are you goin' into this yere ceremony wif both your eyes wide open? Are you sure when the honeymoon is done gone and the harvest moon am pale in the sky, dat you will get up in the mawnin', tote in the wood, build the fire, make the coffee and cook the bacon?

SAM. I'll answer dat question for Mistah Liverlip, parson. (*Positively.*) He will!

JOLLY. Den if dere don't seem to be no immaterial objections from the wed-ee nor from de wed-i, I comes forward in all the glorification and officiality, and stamps, seals and delivers you all, man and wife. So after you has paid de parson

his fee ob seben dollars and six bits, you can kiss your bride and proceed along the stormy pathway of married bliss.

*(All march around the stage to the tune of "The Wedding March," and then line up in front facing the audience.)*

*(All sing "On the Honeymoon Express" (Klein-Kendis), Victor Record 17431, or "In the Land of Yama-Yama," or something similar.)*

CURTAIN



# The Cornfed Cut-Ups

## A Novelty White-Face Minstrel Show

May be used as a First Part or as an Afterpiece.  
Fifty Minutes of Side-Splitting Fun in a Country General Store.

### CHARACTERS

THE DEACON, *who owns the store.*

SUFFICIENCY PERKINS, *a foolish country kid.*

UNCLE JOSH JACKSON, *who's been visitin' the city.*

CONSTABULE SNIFFERS, *the leader of the band.*

JAKIE GOLDFISH, *a Hebrew peddler.*

PERCY PRUNES, *a city blossom.*

THE CORNFED QUARTET.

THE CORNFED TOWN BAND.

SETTING.—*Interior of a country store. Counter runs across the back. Boxes and barrels around stage. Borrow some advertising signs and cartons of breakfast food, etc., from some grocery store or wholesale concern. Signs on walls, "Speshul this week—Pee-nut Butter and Hair Oil," "Yarn, Apruns, Straight Fronts and Other Things Good fer Ladies," "Sugar and Tripe, fourteen cents a yard," "Mixed-up Mincemeat, free from nails and hair," "Hill's*

*Chopped Hay for Breakfast," "Limberger—Stronger than Jack Johnson," "Eggs in the shell, 30 or 90 cts. a duzzen, accordin' to time of life," "Fresh Country Sassage, with or without."*

*(Curtain rises, disclosing DEACON back of counter and CONSTABULE seated on barrel down L., playing on a violin. CONSTABULE plays a country air.)*

DEACON. You git better, Constabule, ivery time you play it.

CONSTABULE. Purty near time fer the band to be showin' up fer practise.

DEACON. The quartet had otta be yere by now.

CON. Hark, that's them a-singin' out there now.

*(QUARTET heard singing outside. They enter and line up at front and sing.)*

Just a song at twi - light, When the

Just a song at twi - light, When the lights are

Just a song at twi - light, When the

lights are low; And the flick-'ring shad - ows

low; And the flick - 'ring shad - - ows

lights are low; And the flick - 'ring shad - ows

Soft - - ly come and go; Tho' the

Soft - ly come and go; Tho' the heart be

Soft - - ly come and go; Tho' the

heart be wea - ry, Sad the day and long, Still to us at

wea - ry, Sad the day and long, Still to us at

heart be wea - ry, Sad the day and long,

twi - light, Comes Love's old song, Comes Love's old sweet song.

twi - light, Comes Love's old song, Comes Love's old sweet song.

(For an encore they sing some short comedy selection, or the chorus of some popular marching song. Then they take seats around the stage, lounging as store loafers.)

DEACON. Wall, I snum, them boys sing better and better every time I hear 'em.

(SUFFICIENCY is heard weeping loudly outside.)

CON. What's that howlin'?

DEACON. Sounds like a passel of cats to me.

SUFF. (*outside*). You jist let me alone, you great big cow, or I'll tell my maw on you.

DEACON. It's little Sufficiency Perkins.

CON. In trouble agin. I declare I orter arrest that boy and shet him up in the town callaboose jest fer safe keeping.

SUFF. (*backing onto stage*). I bet you dassent come in yere and hit me. Go on, you great big bluff. I ain't skeerd of you now. (*Bumps into CON.*)

CON. You better look out, young feller, er I'll put you in the jug.

SUFF. Gosh, that's jest where I long to be, ef thar's sump'm good in the jug.

CON. Now don't ye be talking about no blind tiger, er I'll run you in. I'm the constabule of this township, and don't ye forgit it. (*Sits down at R.*)

SUFF. (*goes to DEACON*). Say, Deacon, paw sent me over fer a pluga tobaccer, maw sent me over fer three packages of Skinned Oats and Chopped Hay Breakfast Food, Aunt Jin sent me over fer a dime's worth of flour, Mis' Barker sent me over fer a nickel's worth of sody, sister Susan sent me over fer a bar of soap to wash the dog, and I want a package of cam-u-els fer my own self.

DEACON (*arranging the packages for him*). That all, Sufficiency?

SUFF. Sufficiency.

CON. Bill, I wisht you'd sing that new song you learned off'n the funnygraph fer us. We ain't heerd a new song since Epeneetus Beeswanger went down to the city and brought home a copy of "When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Nose." Mr. Bill (*name*), our favorite songstress, will now flavor us with (*Name of song*).

## BALLAD

DEACON (*after song*). Thar's your packages, Sufficiency. Got 'em all?

SUFF. Sufficiency. (*Takes bundles.*)

DEACON. You better hurry on home now fer your maw'll want them things fer supper.

SUFF. Say, did you hear about Etta Pickle?

DEACON. No, what about her?

SUFF. Slipped on the ice and bumped herself like sixty.

DEACON. Where?

SUFF. I can't tell you, but if she'd been a Ford she'd have to git a new red light.

CON. Here, boy, none of that, er I'll arrest you in the name of the law.

SUFF. You orter see her walk now. She walks like this.

*(Struts around stage, stiff-legged, chin in the air. TENOR sitting at L. front corner, trips him and he falls, spilling all his packages. ALL laugh.)*

CON. I calculate that's the way she fell.

SUFF. *(crying)*. Dog gone you all. You like to ruined me ferever.

TENOR. Didn't hurt your feelings, did I, Sufficiency?

SUFF. *(bawling)*. Hurt my feelings? Dog gone you, you shook my whole anatomy. *(Starts to fight TENOR.)* You did it on puppoe, too.

*(Slaps him with package of breakfast food that bursts and spills all over TENOR. Have the package arranged so that it will break easily.)*

DEACON. Now see what you've done.

SUFF. I'll tell my maw on you. There goes a hull week's breakfast. *(Goes out bawling.)*

DEACON. That boy Sufficiency is allers gittin' into trouble. Peskiest young 'un in Cornfed, he is.

CON. I wonder what's keeping the band.

TENOR *(at door)*. Here they come now.

*(BAND marches in playing some very old-time march, out of tune. They line up in front and play while CON. acts as leader. For encore they play some short, snappy jazz selection correctly. Then all lounge around stage.)*

*(Enter UNCLE JOSH. He goes to the counter.)*

JOSH. Got any new chawin' terbaccar in, Deacon?

DEACON. Yup; got ther best there is. They call it the Lily of the Sewer brand.

JOSH. Gimme about seven cents' worth. *(Buys it.)*

DEACON. Don't you want a see-gar, too, Josh?

JOSH. Nup, I dunno as I do. You see, I got four er five when I was down to the city last week.

DEACON. I heerd you was down to the city, Josh. Have a good time?

JOSH. Wall, I dunno as you'd call it good. Had an awful time gittin' a place to sleep. Cost me two shillin' a night, it did, by hunk!

DEACON. Whar did ye stay, at the Farmers' Hotel?

JOSH. Nup, it was crowded, so I went to a tavern kept by a man named Bugg. And I'm tellin' you it was the buggiest house I ever got inter.

DEACON. I wanter know.

JOSH. I'm a-tellin' you. The hotel was kept by the three Bugg Brothers, Cinch, Bedd and Water. Storm came up one night, and I says to the proprietor, "Did you see that lightning, Bugg?"

DEACON. And when you was eating at the table, I 'low you said, "Pass me a potato, Bugg!"

JOSH. After supper one of the fellers said, "Let's play a game of cinch, Bugg!" But I said to the boss, "I'm tired, so I 'low I'll go to bed, Bugg." Didn't have no spare room and I had to sleep with the three proprietors. Gosh, I had an awful night sleepin' with them Buggs.

DEACON. The Bugg House must have been right handy to the lunatic asylum.

JOSH. The next day Bugg told me I could have a room and bath fer two dollars. I told him I didn't need the bath, you see it was only Thursday and Saturday night seemed quite a spell off. But there was nothing else to do, so I paid the two dollars.

DEACON. Got a good room, I reckon?

JOSH. Yup, the room was good enough, but I couldn't have no privacy at all. You see there was only one door leadin' into the bathroom, and you had to come right through my sleepin'-room to git to it. I stayed awake all night for fear some of the other guests might want a bath and would have to walk right through my room to take it.

DEACON. I want to know!

JOSH. I'm a-tellin' you.

(SUFFICIENCY *reënters.*)

DEACON. Did you see anything of Lucindy's gal when you was down to the city?

JOSH. Yup, I seen her.

DEACON. She's growed some, I calculate.

JOSH. I should say she has. Growed clean out of her clothes. Her dress only come down about half-way between her knees and her ankles and her throat and neck had growed clean out of the top of the dress. Never seen nothing like the way that gal's sprung up.

DEACON. Did you go clean down to the city alone, Josh?

JOSH. Nup, thirty er forty people on the train with me.

DEACON. I wanter know!

JOSH. I'm a-tellin' you. Had some right good luck when I was down to the city. I picked up a ladies' pocketbook right on the street, and, by heck, it had forty-seven dollars in it.

DEACON. Well, I swan ter gracious! Forty-seven dollars.

JOSH. So, I thought I'd treat myself to a ride on the jitney bus. I never had been on one of them contraptions afore but I hopped on as big as life. I says to the conductor, "My name is Jackson from Cornfed Corners, and I wanter ride on yer jitney bus." He says, "I don't keer whether your name is Jackson er not, set down!" And I sot.

DEACON. Reg'lar slicker, ain't ye, Josh?

JOSH. I paid my fare and at the next corner the conductor yelled out, "Washington" and the car stopped. A man got off. It might have been Washington, I dunno.

DEACON. Wall, it wasn't George Washington, nohow. He's dead.

JOSH. At the next corner the conductor yelled out "Adams," and two ladies got off. They was the Adams gals, I reckon. Then he hollered "Jefferson," and a little boy got off. I couldn't see how that durn conductor could remember everybody's names thataway. Purty soon he yells out "Jackson," and I jumps up. "That's me," says I, and I got off.

DEACON. What did you do then?



JOSH. I'm a-tellin' you. I stood there on the corner a spell and pretty soon another car come up and stopped. The conductor calls out to a lady in the front of the car, "This is Jackson," and I wasn't expecting nobody at all. The lady got off the car and come right over to me.

DEACON. She musta knowed you had that money. She was one of these yere flimflammers, I'll bet a cookie.

JOSH. She come right up to me and says, "Mister, is this Jackson?" And I says, "Yes, ma'am, this is Jackson." Then she says, "I want 47, please." And I handed her the pocketbook. And I ain't had a stroke of good luck since.

DEACON. Sufficiency, they tell me you made quite a big hit down at the schoolhouse entertainment the other night.

SUFF. Who got hit? I never neither got hit.

DEACON. No, no. My wife said you made a hit.

SUFF. Oh, sure. I'm always makin' a hit.

DEACON. What did you do at the entertainment?

SUFF. I sung a song. All about the Um-haha family. Wanter hear it?

DEACON. Yup. Stand right up there now, like a nice boy, and sing it fer us and I'll give you a big red apple.

SUFF. (*comes to c.*). First I gotta make my bow. Teacher says allers to make a bow before singin'. (*Bows.*) You know, I'm a good singer. I kin make gestures and iverything. Some parts of it I sing real pathetic, too. The name of my selection is called The Um-haha Family.

SUFF. (*sings*).

### "LEAD" SHEET



Now all set tight, folks, you're going to hear,  
 A story that sounds mighty queer,  
 'Bout a family known both near and far  
 By the funny name of Um-haha.

Mrs. Um-haha one day,  
Said she'd like to ride in a sleigh,  
To take a spin out on the snow,  
Mr. Um-haha said he'd go.

They took the family too, of course,  
Including Pete, the family hoss;  
Pete was a mule, and a thin one too,  
You could see his ribs where the hay stuck through.  
They hitched him up to an old-time bob,  
And then you orter seen that mob.

There was Pat and Mary Um-haha,  
Rose and Carrie Um-haha,  
Jim and Minnie Um-haha,  
Big fat Jinnie Um-haha.  
Fifteen people in one sleigh,  
Started out to spend the day.  
The way they packed and jammed 'em in,  
It made old Pete the mule look thin.

As luck would have it as it will,  
They started off at the topa the hill.  
The hill was slippery and away they flew,  
How fast they went they never knew.  
The time they made was never beat,  
Old mule had no use fer his feet.  
He looked like a bird or a ship in sail,  
He flew with his ears and he steered with his tail.

They flew to the bottom and the bottom was mud,  
They all struck the bottom with a horrible thud.  
Mary Um-haha was dazed,  
Patrick Um-haha was crazed.  
Jimmie Um-haha broke his nose,  
Big fat Jinnie she was froze.

They buried the old mule in the ground,  
 And his old mule ghost goes wanderin' round.  
 It took four days to bring 'em home,  
 But when they found they'd broke no bone,  
 They all shook hands and thanked their stars!  
 And that was the last of the Um-hahas.

(As SUFF. ends song, JAKIE GOLDFISH comes in, carrying a satchel.)

JAKE (*at rear, to DEACON*). Say, meester, can't I sell you somedings cheap?

DEACON. Wall, I'll snum, somebody left the door open and jist see what the cat brung in.

JAKE. I'm selling jewelery, meester. I'd like to put a line in your store and have you sell it for me on co-mission.

DEACON. Ain't much demand fer jew jewelry down here in Cornfed.

JAKE. I'll sell you cheap, meester.

DEACON. Don't want nothin'.

JAKE (*going to others*). Do you vant to buy some nice diamonts and golt jewelery? (*All decline, using different words of refusal.*) Say, der ain't much beesness in dis place, is there? Always hard luck have I got.

DEACON. What's troubling you now?

JAKE. I joost come me from a vedding. Yesterday meets me on the street Isadore Levy, und vot does he do? He sells me an invitation to a vedding. For ten cents he sells it to me. I says, "Whose vedding is it?" und he say, "Vot should you care? You get a good time, und a good supper, und you get your overcoat checked free, und maybe ven you leave you get a better overcoat. Vot do you expect for ten cents?" So foolish-like I buys der ticket to the vedding.

DEACON. Well, I calculate it was cheap at the price?

JAKE. Cheap? Cheap? Ven it costs me ten cents? Und who do you dink der vedding was in favor of?

DEACON. Wall, I dunno as I know.

JAKE. Moe Slopsky and Sarah Fishneck. Und dot Moe Slopsky is der stingiest man in town. He stops his vatch at night joost to keep the wheels from wearing out. He's even stingier yet. First he skims the milk on top, then he turns it over and skims it on der bottom.

DEACON. But Sarah Fishneck is a nice girl.

JAKE. Her I know, too. Her fader vonce offered me a thousand dollars if I should marry her.

DEACON. Well, why didn't you?

JAKE. To look at her face three times a day, dot's vorth at least \$3,000.

DEACON. I suppose all the big bugs were at the wedding?

JAKE. Sure; one of 'em bit me in three places. As soon as I arrived her fader met me at the door and wanted to know vere is my present. I told him after der young couple had been married feefty years maybe I give 'em a golden vedding present, und I vill. A couplea gold feeshes. After dey vos married everybody was invited to come oop and kiss the bride.

DEACON. I suppose there was a grand rush at that.

JAKE. Sure, there vos a grand rush—(*Pause.*) for the door. Ven they left the hall to get in their carriage everybody throwed old shoes after 'em. I did, too—and I left my foot in my shoe.

DEACON. You don't mean to say that you deliberately kicked the bridegroom?

JAKE. Sure, I did.

DEACON. Where?

JAKE. I dunno just where but it was about middle between the veranda und the corn-patch.

DEACON. Our Cornfed Quartet will now flavor us with a few harmony notes written specially for them by the Waterman Fountain Pen.

## QUARTET

(*Sing two songs from the following list: "Down on the Farm," "The Reuben Rag," "Barnyard Chorus," "My*

*Gal Irene," "Beautiful Ohio," "On the Banks of the Wabash," "Little Church in the Wildwood," "Long Boy," "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet," "There's a Long, Long Trail." Note: Old songs always make the biggest hit when sung by a male quartet. Do not sing too loud.)*

DEACON. Sufficiency, hadn't you better be runnin' along toward home now? It's getting late and your maw might git anxious about you.

SUFF. Naw, I'm waitin' till the train comes in.

DEACON. Train's already in; ain't it, Constabule?

CON. Yup, I run the train in about an hour ago.

SUFF. Maw told me to wait fer our new city boarder.

*(Enter PERCY, dressed as a dude.)*

PERCY (to CON.). Say, how far from here does Mr. Perkins live?

CON. Oh, about three screeches and a yell.

DEACON. Kinda cute, ain't y', Constabule?

CON. Yup, I was born that way.

PERCY. How shall I get there?

CON. Got a hoss?

PERCY. No.

CON. Then I calculate you'll have to walk.

JOSH. Maybe you might roll there, if you feel like rollin'.

PERCY. Where does that road out there go? *(Points.)*

CON. Don't go nowhere. At least it's staid right yere ever since I kin remember.

SUFF. Say, mister, I'm one of the Perkinses.

PERCY. My gracious, is that what ails you?

SUFF. My maw sent me over here to bring you up to where we live.

PERCY. How far is it?

SUFF. *(points)*. See that house painted white with the red roof painted yaller, and the green blinds painted black?

PERCY. Yes, I see it.

SUFF. Well, that ain't our house.

PERCY. So you are taking in summer boarders this year?

SUFF. Yup, maw don't have to, but we don't have no circus here and she jest loves to hear 'em talk that city dialect.

PERCY. This town is really dry, I suppose?

CON. Yer dog gone hoopin' it's dry. We got bullfrogs here five years old that ain't never learned to swim.

PERCY (to SUFF.). So you're one of the Perkinses, are you?

SUFF. Yup.

PERCY. Which one?

SUFF. Sufficiency.

PERCY. Is that your name?

SUFF. Yup. Name's Sufficiency Perkins.

PERCY. How on earth did you ever come to be called Sufficiency?

SUFF. You see I've got five older brothers and seven older sisters and when I was born paw named me right away Sufficiency!

PERCY. Hadn't we better start home?

SUFF. Nup; maw said to tell you to wait here till she and my four brothers druv the goat over to get you.

PERCY. Do you mean to say that you have a goat that can haul seven people?

SUFF. Yup.

PERCY. He must be strong.

SUFF. Yup, but we're used to it by now.

PERCY. Am I to have a nice room?

SUFF. Yup, you're going to have the big room. Big enough fer three people.

PERCY. Splendid. Large enough for three people, eh?

SUFF. Yup, but two of 'em can't git in it.

PERCY. How's the dining-room?

SUFF. The dining-room's awful dark.

PERCY. That's too bad.

SUFF. Never mind, mister, the meals is light.

PERCY. I heard you say something about your brothers and sisters. Are they all home?

SUFF. No, one of my brothers is a brakeman on the (*Name.*) Railroad.

PERCY. What's his name?

SUFF. Miles.

PERCY. Is Miles married?

SUFF. Yup. Five years now.

PERCY. Has he got any little Miles?

SUFF. Yup. Four in five years.

PERCY. Four miles in five years, eh?

SUFF. Yup. Pretty good, ain't it?

PERCY. I'll say it's pretty good for the (*Name.*) Railroad.

SUFF. Jest set down here and make yourself at home. Maw'll be coming along soon.

PERCY. I forgot to ask you. Have you any mosquitoes here?

SUFF. Not a single mosquito in town.

PERCY. That's fine and dandy. Not a single mosquito in town, eh?

SUFF. Nup, not a single one. They's all married and a-raisin' big families.

DEACON. Just make yourself at home, mister, and set down over there. Constabule, you might sing a song fer us.

CON. What'll I sing?

DEACON. Tell us about that show troupe that played Uncle Tom's Cabin in the Obery House last spring.

#### COMEDY SONG, BY CONSTABULE

*(The words and music of "Uncle Tom's Cabin at the Obery House" are published by Walter H. Baker Company in the book "Bran' New Monologues," price one dollar. This book contains thirty original monologues and recitations and will prove a valuable addition to any performer's library.)*

DEACON. That Uncle Tom's Cabin is certainly a good theater. We don't git much in the way of a real, shore-enough theater here in Cornfed no more. Nothing but the movies.

JAKE. I played in der movies shows vonce. We played a picture called "Vy Girls Leave Home."

DEACON. What did you play?

JAKE. Me? I vos the reason.

DEACON. I see a picture at the movie-show last week. It jest made me feel kinda glad all over. It showed a picture of a real farm (*Soft music*), with a snug little farmhouse and all the other trimmin's. It took me back to my boyhood days when I was a young stripling a-courting Samantha. She would be waiting fer me every night down by the old stile, lookin' as pretty as a new blown rose in her gingham gown, white apron and little sunbonnet slung on top of them golden curls.

And there was a young couple in the picture who reminded me of the first time I ever found the courage to plant the first kiss on Samantha's sweet lips, and then back to our own wedding morn, with all the boys and gals a-wishing us good luck and Godspeed. Remember, Josh?

JOSH. I remember, Deacon.

DEACON. I closed my old eyes thar in that picture show and I could see my Samantha's face agin, and see it light up the way it did when I took her fer the first time to our little rose-covered cottage that I'd worked so hard to get. The old cottage has all fallen to pieces now, but the memory of it is jest as sweet as the roses were long years ago.

And in the theater there I lived over agin all our hopes and struggles, and hard times and poor crops and the floods; and all through Samantha wore the same old sweet smile. We lived together man and wife for two years, Josh, and we never had a quarrel or a harsh or bitter word. Remember?

JOSH. I remember, Deacon.

DEACON. She allers made me forgit all my own troubles and allers took the biggest load on her own shoulders. And



then one day the baby came, and it was the tie that bound our hearts closer and closer—and—after a while—the little tot was taken away from us by the same hand that had given her to us, and Samantha only whispered, “Thy will be done.” And two months after that my wife just kinda faded away, like a lily shut out from the sun, and then—I was left alone.

The rest of that movie picture was blurred, Josh, 'cause the tears stole into my eyes and I felt heart-sick and lonely as I heard some gal singin' the sweet old song: (*Hum or recite.*)

Just a field of new-mown hay,  
 Just a cottage by the way;  
 Just a mother dear to shield me from  
 all harm.

Just a sweetheart waiting too,  
 With a loyal heart and true,  
 Just a quaint old-fashioned country home,  
 Down on the farm. (*End music.*)

CON. (*to band*). Boys, let's play our new selection fer the Deacon and try to cheer him up.

(*BAND plays chorus of old-fashioned tune, decidedly out of tune. Follow by brisk march tune, played correctly. All march around stage as at a parade.*)

## CURTAIN

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**MAGNIFICENT! DAINTY! GORGEOUS! REFINED!**

## **Frills and Frolics**

**A Musicale Mélange for Ladies' Minstrels**  
**Comedy de Luxe. Minstrels à la Mode.**

### **CHARACTERS**

**QUEEN OF THE ROSES.** *White colonial wig. Pink colonial costume. Pink feather fan. This costume should be rented for the occasion. Mature and dignified.*

**ROSE MAIDENS.** *Pink or white dancing frocks trimmed with pink roses. Hair down in curls. Wreath of pink roses. Pink tulle collars. Should all be rather small and about the same height.*

**HARMONY MAIDENS.** *The singers of the performance. White gowns, large white picture hats. Gowns and hats trimmed with pink tulle. No flowers. Pink reticules on arms.*

**ROSEBUD KIDDIES.** *Ten small girls, as young-looking as possible. Pink and white costumes, huge bows, etc.*

**ROSIE, POSIE and JOSIE.** *Full skirts like the petals of a pink rose, pink baby waists, green girdles cut like the calyx of the rose. The skirts should extend as far as possible. High necks with huge pink tulle collars. Faces black-*

ened with cork. Pink cloth hoods cover head and ears and come close under chin. Attach pink petals around these hoods standing out around the face until the head looks like a pink sunflower with the face forming the black center.

MOLLY, POLLY and JOLLY. Exactly like ROSIE, POSIE and JOSIE.

AUNT JEMIMA. An old black "mammy." Padded very fat. Bandanna on head. White cotton showing under it on forehead, white cotton eyebrows glued on with spirit gum, wrinkles of white grease paint, huge spectacles. Red calico waist, blue skirt rather short, striped stockings made by taking white stockings and painting red stripes with red grease paint, huge shoes, large gingham apron and white kerchief crossed on breast.

PAGES. Two tiny boys dressed in pink and white.

[NOTE: The six End-women and AUNT JEMIMA are the only characters that "black" up.]

SETTING.—Wood background, or garden, marine, or any exterior scene or a fancy palace interior. Wings to correspond.

Green carpet down. Two rustic benches, exactly alike, stand at R. front and L. front for four of the end-women, POSIE and JOSIE at L. and POLLY and JOLLY at R. ROSIE and MOLLY sit on hassocks between the other two at their feet. Two old-fashioned swings appear about one-third of the way back from footlights at L. and at R. These are rope swings and the ropes must be SECURELY attached to the flies. Twine the ropes with roses and smilax. The seats of the swings should be low and big enough for two of the ROSE GIRLS in each swing.

Fancy chair for QUEEN, on an elevation, at rear c. This should be a large fancy chair that may be borrowed from a lodge or an Episcopal church. Semi-circle of camp-chairs around the stage for HARMONY and ROSE MAIDENS.

**ORCHESTRA** *in the pit.* **CHORUS** *on elevations in the background.* *One very successful presentation of this play used a chorus of sixty little schoolgirls in pink and white dresses and bonnets on tiers of seats in the background.*

*The TEN LITTLE ROSEBUDS are concealed by five large umbrellas and are lined up across the front of the stage. The open umbrellas are covered with green raffia and pink cambric bows. The black-face characters are not on the stage at the rise of the curtain.*

*All sing chorus of "The Love Nest" from "Mary," or some other popular ballad before the curtain rises. Repeat chorus softly as curtain slowly rises. Bird-calls heard in wings. White flood light over the stage.*

*All sing the first verse of the ballad, the ROSEBUDS peep from under the umbrellas, join hands and do a simple dance or drill movement. All sing chorus, waving heads in unison.*

*Two HARMONY MAIDENS remove the umbrellas.*

*The six End-women enter to "Dixie Music," sing first verse and chorus as they cake walk around. All sing second verse and chorus. ROSE GIRLS enter from rear R., pulling in a rose-decorated cart in which sits the QUEEN. PAGES assist her to alight and she sits on her chair. GIRLS remove the cart. All this during the second verse of "Dixie," then all sing the chorus very loudly, all standing in front of their places.*

#### QUEEN.

Men and maidens, lords and ladies gay,  
 Who here have gathered to behold our play,  
 Mine is the task to welcome you  
 And introduce ourselves anew.  
 The Frills and Frolics here you see,  
 The cream of dainty minstrelsy!  
 If you would drive dull care away,  
 List to our minstrels sing and play.  
 And just another word before I pause,  
 Do not be bashful with your kind applause.

We'll do our very best to please you here,  
We trust you'll like our show, and sometimes  
cheer!

I talk too much, 'twere best that I be dumb,  
One final word, the best is yet to come!  
Ladies, be seated!

QUEEN (*sitting*). How are you this evening, Josie?

JOSIE. Oh, I'm salubrious, Mis' Queen. I jest want to ask you a conundrum.

QUEEN. Very well, what is it?

JOSIE. What is the difference between a cat and a comma?

QUEEN. I am sure I don't know. What is the difference between a cat and a comma?

JOSIE. A cat has claws at the end of its paws, and a comma—well, a comma its pause is at the end of a clause.

JOLLY (*laughs loudly*). Dat's a deep one.

QUEEN. It seems to have amused you, Jolly. How do you feel?

JOLLY. I feel like reciting a little po-em. I wrote it ma-self. I'm a poet and I know it, though I don't often show it, I shore can go it.

QUEEN. Is that the poem?

JOLLY. Lawsy, no. This is the poem. (*Dramatically.*) He mixed his beans with honey, he did it all his life; 'twas not because he liked the taste; it held 'em on his knife.

ROSIE (*after a slight pause*). I'd like to ask a question.

QUEEN. Very well, Rosie, what is it?

ROSIE. Which lives the longest, a married lady or a single lady?

QUEEN. Well, you are married, what do you say?

ROSIE. I dunno whether we married ladies live longer or not, but it certainly seems longer.

MOLLY. You know, Mis' Queen, I came near bein' killed last night.

QUEEN. Why, Molly, you surprise me. How did it happen?

MOLLY. I was taking the washing home through the park and it was after dark. All of a sudden two men jumped at me and tried to hit me with a baseball bat. I'm going to have 'em arrested, too.

QUEEN. Do you know who they were?

MOLLY. I didn't recognize 'em, just exactly, 'cause it was so dark, but I know they were members of the (*Local name.*) baseball team.

QUEEN. How do you know that?

MOLLY. 'Cause they struck at me three times and never hit me.

QUEEN. Hasn't it been warm to-day, Posie?

POSIE. Jest awful.

QUEEN. And how is your husband?

POSIE. The same.

QUEEN. I hear that flour has gone up, Polly.

POLLY. Yas'm, dat's a fact. Jest taking the bread out of a poor man's mouth. But it's going up higher, too.

QUEEN. Indeed, when?

POLLY. When they put some yeast in it.

QUEEN (*rises and addresses audience*). Miss Rosie, our popular little pink of perfection, will now sing "Kentucky Babe."

#### SOLO BY ROSIE

(*Sing "Kentucky Babe" to darky doll; others all join in the chorus. "Little Alabama Coon" may be substituted, if desired.*)

QUEEN. Is your mother-in-law entertaining this season, Jolly?

JOLLY (*pauses*). Huh? (*QUEEN repeats question.*) Not very.

QUEEN. By the way, Jolly, have you and your lady friends organized that female orchestra you were so enthusiastic about?

JOLLY. No'm, that's all busted up.

QUEEN. Why, what was the trouble?

JOLLY. There were thirty-five of us women going to be in that orchestra and nary a one would play second fiddle. Dat ain't woman nature. Say, Mis' Queen, I got a new conundrum I want to spring.

QUEEN. Very good, Jolly, we're always glad to hear a *new* conundrum.

JOLLY. What would a little chicken say if she found an orange in her nest?

QUEEN. I have no idea.

JOLLY. Oh, looka the orange mamma-laid.

QUEEN. Very good, Jolly. Can you tell me how to tell the age of a chicken?

JOLLY. Ask her and then add twenty-four.

QUEEN. No, no, I don't mean that kind of a chicken. I mean a barnyard fowl.

JOLLY. Oh, you mean one of them cluck, cluck, cluck chickens. Why, you can always tell their age by the teeth.

QUEEN. Nonsense. A chicken doesn't have teeth.

JOLLY. No'm, dat's right, but you do. (*Pause.*) I've just been reading the (*Name local newspaper.*)

QUEEN. Reading the (*Local paper.*)?

JOLLY. Yes'm; they certainly do tell about some strange things happening in that paper.

QUEEN. Indeed they do. In fact, I think they are somewhat given to exaggeration. I was reading the other day about a man who bought a wooden bedstead and the wood was so green that one day in the spring it broke out all over with buds, and in a week was covered with little groves of waving branches. In the autumn the children picked walnuts from the bed slats, and next spring they tapped the head-board for maple syrup.

JOLLY. You tell 'em, lady, you certainly has got the gift. But that ain't nothing compared to what I read in the paper.

QUEEN. Indeed, Jolly? And what did you peruse?

JOLLY. I perused a story about a man what was shaving

and cut off his nose; in the excitement he dropped his razor and cut off one of his toes. He hastily picked up the remnants and clasped them to the bleeding portions.

QUEEN. My gracious!

JOLLY. But that ain't all. After a week he took the bandages off, and what do you think he found? He had a well-developed toe right there (*Points to nose.*), and vice-versy.

QUEEN. Horrible!

JOLLY. But that ain't all. He caught cold last week and now he's got to take his shoe and stocking off every time he wants to blow his nose.

QUEEN (*rises and addresses audience*). The Harmony Girls will now render "Love's Old Sweet Song," by Molloy.

*(Send 15 cts. for female quartet arrangement of this song to J. A. Parkes Co., Yorke, Nebraska, asking for No. 129. For an encore use "She Felt of Her Belt in the Back," female quartet arrangement, 15 cts., No. 372.)*

QUEEN. Our little brown Posie will now entertain the little rosebuds and incidentally the audience with all about a man that's fit to print.

POSIE (*gets a chair from behind scenes and brings it to front c.*). Come on, all you li'l rosebuds, gather 'round me, 'cause I'm gwine hand you an ear-full. (*ROSEBUDS gather round her.*) Sisters and fellow-sufferers! (*Pauses and looks around.*) I feels called upon to get up here and address you dis evening on the subject of Woman, the Slave, and Man, who has made her what she is. Dis is a great and solemn occasion. You people over there what's laughin' please restrain your mirth and look as serious as you can. We has assembled here dis ebening to talk together, sisters, to counsel together, and to advise together to see how we can remedy a great evil dat exists in our midst, and de name ob dat great evil, my sistern, is Man!

For many years he's been pushin' us into de background ob life and stands in the spotlight his own self, getting all de



honors and most ob de money. It ain't right, and de time has come when we got to stop.

So, sistern, we has got to band ourselves togedder against dis yere monstrosity in human form, we's got to subsidize him, we's got to analyze him, we's got to hypnotize him and we's got to demoralize him.

I have jest returned from a Correspondence School where I smashed every window in de whole building. And why did I smash de windows on dat correspondence school? Why? Because I hate their motto. Dey had a great big sign up dat said, "We Teach Through the Mails"—now, maybe, they'll teach a little through the females. We's got the vote, my beloved hearers, and we is in the majority. All we got to do now is to put man back in his proper place. In the future on election day de wömen will be at the polls sweeping the country, and the men they'll be at home sweeping the floors. We'll tend to politics and run the nation and the men'll tend to the babies and run the washing-machine. If there is any marry-ing to be done in the future, we're the ones to do the picking and de choosin'.

Once when I was a weak and trusting little gal, two or three years ago, a man took me home from prayer-meetin' one night. He called frequent and told me dat I was the loveliest ob ma sex. Dat man actually borrowed fifty dollars and eight cents from me to pay his board-bill and war tax. Sisters, dere was only one thing dat saved me from de clutches ob dat wretch. He was about to propose and I was about to consent, when I was saved by a miracle. Just a little more and I would have been an unhappy married slave for life, just like some ob you-all out there. Only one thing prevented me from being a droop shouldered, sad-eyed, sloppy-jawed married woman like you-all, only one thing saved me from such a fate. Dat man never asked me! So dat is why I've took de platform, my sistern, to warn you from this here snake in human form dat is called man. Run away from him, have nothing to do with him, don't even speak to him or look at him, and bring up your children the very same way. And den womankind shall

rule de earth and all de fullness thereof. So mote it be, for ever and ever, and de star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave! (*Confidentially.*) But if you-all'll sing me a li'l' song I'll tell you some more 'bout dat man some other time.

(*Song by BUDS. They march off the stage.*)

QUEEN. Our famous comedienne, Senorita Molly, the sunburnt sunflower from (*Local name.*) Avenue, will now illuminate the darkness by singing.

### COMEDY SONG BY MOLLY

(*"Oh, Judge, He Treat Me Mean" is recommended. See Columbia Graphophone Catalogue.*)

POLLY. Say, Mis' Queen, I's heerd dat you has a most remarkable memory.

QUEEN. Yes, that is true. I have quite a reputation for having a good memory for names, dates, etc.

POLLY. You tell 'em, lady, I'd just like to test your memory.

QUEEN. Very well, Polly, proceed with the test.

POLLY. Can you tell me where you went on your tenth birthday? That's a long time back, I know.

QUEEN. I think I shall have to admit my failure. I can't possibly say where I went on my tenth birthday.

POLLY. Pshaw, dat's easy. I know where you went.

QUEEN. You do? Well, where?

POLLY. Into your eleventh year.

JOSIE. Huh, dat Polly certainly think she's smart, don't she?

POLLY. She certainly do.

JOSIE. What you reckon she said in the drug-store last Saturday night? She wanted to buy some soap and the man asked her if she wanted scented or unscented. And what you reckon she said?

POLLY. Well, what did I say?

JOSIE. You said, "Course I don't want it scented, I'll jest take it along with me."

POLLY. Dat ain't nothing a-tall compared to what you said in the grocery store.

JOSIE. What did I say?

POLLY. You saw some cocoanuts and you said to me, "Lawsy, Polly, look at dem great big sweet 'taters. Dey's so big dey's sprouted whiskers all over themselves."

JOSIE. Yes, and I took you into a restaurant the other night and you certainly did display your ignorance.

POLLY. What did I say? What did I say?

JOSIE. Waiter come up to me and asked me what I gwine to have. I wanted to be real polite (*Airily.*) and show my jurisprudence, so I simply waved ma hand carless-like and said, "It's immaterial," jes' like dat. And what you reckon she said? She said she'd take the same thing with mustard on it.

POLLY. Yas, and I heard about your actions at the Emancipation Ball the other night, too. You certainly did disgrace yourself. You kicked about the refreshments.

JOSIE. Yas, and I had a good right to kick, too. Didn't hab nothin' for refreshments but a li'l' skinny sandwich and two olives.

POLLY. Then when you went in the ballroom and ma brother come up to you and say, "Miss Josie, is your program full?" and you said, "Go way, black boy, it takes more'n one li'l' skinny sandwich and two olives to fill *my* program, and don't you forget it."

QUEEN. Our favorite soprano will now sing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginy," Miss (*Name.*) assisted by the Rosebud Chorus.

## BALLAD NUMBER

(*After this number there is a slight pause and then AUNT JEMIMA enters from rear L.*)

AUNT. Excuse me, Mis' Queen, for breakin' in on you-all's show, but we's had an accident down to our house and I's jest naturally obleeged to borry de use of you-all's telephome, if you ain't got no objection.

QUEEN. Why, certainly not, Aunt Jemima. You are welcome to use our 'phone. There it is over there.

*(Points to R. front corner where a 'phone is attached to the wall.)*

AUNT. I certainly am much obliged. Rastus, my husband, is right hurt and I jest naturally got to telephome de doctor. *(At 'phone.)* Hello, Miss Telephome, am dat you? *(Pause.)* Huh? No'm, I don't want no number, I wants Doc Smiff. *(Pause.)* No'm, he ain't no number, he's jiss a doctor, dass all. *(Pause, speak to audience.)* What's dat gal alla time sayin' number for? I ain't no number. *(In 'phone.)* No'm, lady, I wants Doc Smiff, I don't want no numbers. Huh? You'll gimme de Chief. *(To audience.)* How come she gwine to gimme the chief? I don't want no Chief. Chief of what? De fire department? *(In 'phone.)* Hello, hello, is dis you, Doc Smiff? *(Pause.)* Oh, you's de Chief. Mawnin', Mr. Chief. Huh? Nossir, I don't want no number, I wants talk to Doc Smiff. You know Doc Smiff, don't you? Lives over there back of de Mefodis' Church.

*(Gestures.)* You go down Main Street dataway, den you turn to your right when you comes to the Postoffice. Den you goes down disaway and up dat alley datway. Den you comes to the Mefodist Church. *(Listens.)* Nossir, he don't live in no church, he's a doctor man, not a preacher. You goes right past de church and dat's his house settin' back in de everygreen trees. Big white house. *(To audience.)* Dese yere telephome people ain't got no sense a-tall.

Hello, dat you, Doctor Smiff? Dis yere's Missus Rastus Johnson, down *(Name.)* Street. Yassuh, some'n done happened to Rastus. *(Pause.)* I dunno what made it. He's

turrible sick ever since we came from de Park dis afternoon. He's sure bad.

Nosuh, he didn't eat nuffin'; jes' a li'l' bit ob chickin—free or four pieces, an' part ob a watermelon, an' two pieces pie and four ice-cream comes. Nosuh, he didn't eat *much*.

Nosuh, he didn't drink nuffin' tall, 'ceptin' three four bottles Home Brew and two cups ob Peruny Water. Oh, yessir, I done forgot he drunk two three strawberry-flavored ice-cream sodys.

Yessir, he got a li'l' pain in his head whar he bumped it. (*Pause.*) Why, when he fell off'n de Roller Coaster. He run his head clean through the ticket place. He jest break it all to smash.

Nosuh, not his head, doctor, dat ain't hurt Rastus none; jest shet up one eye. The watah done make dat feel better. Why, de water when he fell outa de Shoot-de-shoots boat. Dat baby shore is awkward. It took 'em fifteen minutes to hook him outa de water. All de water come outa him when dey roll him on a barrel, dat make him bleed some mo'.

Why, he bleed whar dat black trash Abraham Lincoln Jefferson done carve him. Dat's how come he bleed. I forgot to tell you dat.

Nosuh, not very bad, jes' a li'l' cut acrost his nose, and one ear and 'nuther one crost his chist. He done carve him wif a razzar, yassir. Dat was before he fell into the fire. (*Pause.*)

Yassir, burnt him considerable. It was the barbecue fire. (*Pause.*) Where did it burn him? Well, doctor, if he'd 'a' been a ottymobile it sure would 'a' melted dat little red light dey has. Shore would. (*Pause.*) No, sah, he can't lay down a-tall, he can't even set down. (*Pause.*) Yassir, I reckon you'd better come over and see him. Dat's all. Good-bye.

QUEEN. Now that you're here, Aunty, can't you favor us with a song?

AUNT. What kin' ob a song you want me to flavor you with?

(AUNT sings "Aunty Skinner's Chicken Dinner.")

## COMEDY SONG BY AUNT JEMIMA

*(All march around stage down to front, line up and sing the Chorus as the curtain falls.)*

## CURTAIN

[NOTE.—For an afterpiece for this minstrel show there is nothing better than "Twelve Old Maids," a clever, farcical one-act play for sixteen female characters, all white-faced. It would balance the *Frills and Frolics First Part* admirably, as it is entirely different in character and yet contains nothing to offend the most fastidious audience. Suppose you were a hard-working slavey for a tyrannical landlady in a boarding house with twelve old maid guests, and suppose a mysterious fortune teller arrived with a potion that was guaranteed to make you beautiful forever, wouldn't you take advantage of the opportunity? And suppose you found a mechanical boy clown and brought him to life, who could blame you if you took advantage of the old maids and won the matrimonial prize? Sixty laughs in sixty minutes, sixteen female rôles and every one has a chance to make a hit with the audience. No chorus, sit-back-and-look-pretty parts, every one in the play has a chance. For sale by Walter H. Baker Company, Hamilton Place, Boston, (9), Mass. Price, 25 cts.]

## Ship Ahoy Minstrels

**For Male and Female Glee Clubs, Prima Donna, Ingenue, Interlocutor, and Four End-Men. All White Face, Except the End-Men.**

**SETTING.**—*The deck of a ship. This is not as difficult to arrange as it seems. Have a marine back drop, if possible, or make one yourselves by tacking light blue paper on a frame and painting waves and clouds on it with white. Cabins appear at R. and L. These may be painted on bristol-board. Camp-stools and deck-chairs make the circle. A wooden railing runs down the L. side of the stage from footlights to rear scene and across the back of the stage from L. to R. Cover this railing with tennis netting and hang two imitation life-preservers on it.*

*(Chorus of men discovered on rise of the curtain. They wear white trousers and middy blouses. They sing "We Sail the Ocean Blue," from "Pinafore." Copies of "Pinafore" may be secured from Walter H. Baker Company, at \$1.25 each. It is advisable to have several of these copies, as the chief songs in the First Part are taken from "Pinafore." Men line up at front and sing the "Opening Chorus" with much gusto, making uniform*

*gestures, etc. As soon as "Opening Chorus" is over, the orchestra, in the pit, plays the "Sailor's Hornpipe" and the four END-MEN enter and do a burlesque hornpipe. Any local dancing instructor can show them the steps. This dance must POSITIVELY not last more than four minutes.)*

INTERLOCUTOR (*dressed in captain's uniform, appears on elevation at rear and sings*).

My gallant crew, good morning!  
 ALL. Sir, good morning!  
 INTER. I trust you are quite well?  
 ALL. Quite well, and you, sir?  
 INTER. I am in a reasonable state of health.

(*Comes down c.*)

SOLO BY INTERLOCUTOR  
 ("I'm the Captain of the Pinafore!")

INTER. (*taking his seat at rear c.*). Gentlemen, be seated.  
 JOLLY. Boss, you certainly done yourself proud when you sang that song.  
 INTER. Thank you, Jolly, I used to be quite a singer.  
 JOLLY. But you quit a good many years ago, didn't you?  
 INTER. I'd be in grand opera now only for one thing.  
 JOLLY. Your voice!  
 INTER. No, not my voice. There is a little episode in my past life that I do not mind confiding to you.  
 JOLLY. Are you going to confide an episode?  
 INTER. Yes, I am.  
 JOLLY. I reckon you'd better sing.  
 INTER. Oh, the story is a very short one.  
 JOLLY. Dat's good.  
 INTER. It's brief. Brief as woman's love.  
 JOLLY. Then I'll take a chance.



INTER. But, mind you, it's the truth, every word of it.

JOLLY. Then I'll take two chances.

INTER. Well, then, to begin. About four—yes, just four years ago last spring, when I was between nineteen and twenty years of age——

JOLLY (*interrupts*). That's the last time I'll ever take two chances with you.

INTER. I was the leading tenor of the Grand Opera in Paris.

JOLLY. No wonder the Germans tried to take Paris.

INTER. Well, one night seated in the box of the Baroness Shovelovitsky——

JOLLY. Shovel of whisky. Home Brew, where are you now?

INTER. Yes, she was a Russian baroness.

JOLLY. Rushing the can, that's what she was.

INTER. Don't interrupt me. Seated in the box with the Baroness was one of the most charming young ladies that I ever saw in the whole course of my natural existence.

JOLLY (*snaps*). In the box—at the opera—with the shovel of whisky.

INTER. Yes, and the rest of the royal party.

JOLLY. Oh, there was more of 'em?

INTER. Yes, there was the Count Gotchakokk, the young Princess Catcha-grippsky and the Countess Off-her-backsky.

JOLLY. Was she?

INTER. Was she what?

JOLLY. Off her backsky?

INTER. She was in the box——

JOLLY. With the shovel of whisky. No wonder she was off her backsky.

INTER. The charming young lady to whom I refer kept her eye on me during the entire evening.

JOLLY. Which eye?

INTER. Both eyes. And I naturally returned her glances. I soon discovered that she was the famous Princess Up-a-treesky.

JOLLY. I see-sky. She was up a tree-sky with a shovel of whisky.

INTER. Precisely.

JOLLY. How did she get in-sky?

INTER. Through the door-sky.

JOLLY. I thought she used a pass-key.

INTER. Now, please allow me to proceed.

JOLLY. Go ahead-sky.

INTER. The next day I received a little billet-doux ——

JOLLY. A which-sky?

INTER. A little love letter.

JOLLY. From the shovel of whisky?

INTER. Certainly not. From the Princess Up-a-treesky. (*Dramatically.*) That night I serenaded her with my guitar.

JOLLY. You had the catarrh?

INTER. Certainly I didn't have the catarrh. It was a guitar. After that we met on several occasions until her father basely tore her away. He sent her to some secluded spot.

JOLLY. He sent her to (*Name rival town.*)

INTER. No, no, he sent her to a secluded spot in Italy.

JOLLY. Oh, I thought he wanted to hide her.

INTER. For months I did not hear from her. Long, long months without her.

JOLLY. Without the shovel-of-whisky?

INTER. No, the Princess.

JOLLY. Believe me, man, I'd sooner go without the princess for long, long months than without the shovel of whisky.

INTER. One day I received a letter from her. It said, "My darling birdie ——"

JOLLY. Birdie?

INTER. Yes, I was her birdie.

JOLLY (*high-pitched voice*). Oh, for Gawd sake! ("*For mercy sakes!*" *goes just as well.*)

INTER. I am simply telling you what it said in the letter.

"My darling Birdie ——"

JOLLY. Tweet, tweet!

INTER. "Good-bye," she said. "Farewell! think sometimes of your poor, hunted-down, broken-hearted Princess Up-a-treesky." She heard my last song. I shall never appear in Grand Opera again. Pardon me, while I drop a tear.

JOLLY. Are you going to drop a tear?

INTER. Certainly I am going to drop a tear.

JOLLY. Don't drop it 'ere, drop it over there.

KOLLY. Listen, I hear singing.

(LADIES' GLEE CLUB *heard singing off stage.* "Over the Bright Blue Sea," from "Pinafore.")

LADIES (*off stage*).

Over the bright blue sea,  
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.  
Wherever he may go,  
Bang-bang, the loud nine-pounders go.  
Shout o'er the bright blue sea,  
For Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.

BASSES (*on stage*).

Sir Joseph's barge is seen,  
And his crowd of blushing beauty,  
We hope he'll find us clean,  
And attentive to our duty.

MEN. We sail, we sail the ocean blue,  
And our saucy ship's a beauty,  
We're sober, sober men and true,  
And attentive to our duty.

(*Enter GIRLS in summer afternoon dresses and picture hats, not middies or sport suits; they dance around the stage.*)

GIRLS. Gaily tripping, lightly skipping,  
Flock the maidens to the shipping, etc.  
(*To end of number.*)

INTER. Ladies, you are welcome. Please be seated. Kolly, our clever, captivating caricature on the human race, will now sing one of his famous Blues Songs for you.

END SONG BY KOLLY

SAM. Say, Cap'n, which way is dis yere ship headed?

INTER. We're headed for home. You've just been abroad.

SAM. Was I abroad?

INTER. Certainly, you were in France.

SAM. Oh, yes, now I remembers it. I can't forget that old Paree. Did you hear ma French accent, Paree?

INTER. Oh, yes, indeed. We had a great time in Paris.

SAM. Did you visit the Boys de Bolony?

INTER. The what? Oh, yes, I believe I did.

SAM. Great old time over there on that Bolony. Never ate so much before in all my life. Then I was in Scotland, too.

INTER. Of course. I'm very proud of Scotland. There's quite a little Scotch in me.

SAM. You better hold it in, kase you won't get no mo' when you gets back to that dry old U. S. A.

INTER. Did you visit Glasgow?

SAM (*imitates drinking*). I've seen the glasses go.

INTER. What did you see in Italy?

SAM. I seen the da-go.

INTER. And then we touched Ireland.

SAM. Old Ireland is kinda touchy herself, ain't she? Say, Cap'n, can you tell me who was the greatest benefactor old Ireland ever had?

INTER. I can't say for sure. Probably it was St. Patrick.

SAM. No, sah. They had a greater benefactor than him.

INTER. Well, who was the greatest benefactor Ireland ever had?

SAM. Christopher Columbus.

INTER. Why, that is absurd. Will you be good enough to tell us what Christopher Columbus ever did for Ireland?

SAM. Certainly I will. He discovered America.

INTER. (*to audience*). Miss (*Name.*), our popular little song-bird, will now sing Gilbert and Sullivan's most popular song, "Little Buttercup."

(*INGENUE enters from wings, dressed as gypsy peddler, carrying basket of laces and trinkets. She offers her wares to the chorus as she sings "Little Buttercup" from "Pinafore."*)

KOLLY. Say, Cap'n, how long 'fore we gwine to strike land?

INTER. Well, Kolly, we expect to be nearing New York by Thursday morning.

KOLLY. Two more days. Oh-h-h!

INTER. What's the matter? Surely you're not seasick, are you?

KOLLY. Nossir, nothin' like that, but every time I eats I'm jest naturally miserable, that's all. Right now I feel like my inner tube's done got a slow puncture. I wish I had a nice good fresh glass of milk from my old cow Ephraham.

INTER. So you once had a cow, did you?

KOLLY. Smartest cow that ever lived in (*Name of local town.*) We never used to have to milk her at all. We just used to start her out and she went to the home of each of our customers and they milked as much as they wanted.

INTER. How did you collect your money?

KOLLY. We had tickets. We used a board with holes in it and covered the holes with paper. After the milker got through old Ephraham used to punch out a pint or a quart or whatever they took.

INTER. Do you expect me to believe that?

KOLLY. It's just as true as true can be. The crows used to be real thick down on our farm, but I learned Ephraham to throw stones at 'em by kicking backwards and it wasn't noth-

ing at all for Ephraim to go out and kill fifty crows in an afternoon. Do you know what I heard?

INTER. No, what?

KOLLY. I herd sheep.

INTER. Why don't you have Ephraim herd them for you?

KOLLY. Maybe you didn't believe all I told you about my cow Ephraim?

INTER. If there is anything on earth I hate, it is a liar. We can guard our doors with bolts and bars against thieves and robbers; we can defend our lives with knives and revolvers against murderers and assassins, but we cannot protect our good name against such base fabricators of the truth as you are. A liar's tongue is always wagging. (*Sits down angrily.*)

KOLLY. Mah gracious! Say, Cap'n, you isn't angry, is you?

INTER. I hate a liar.

KOLLY. What must I do for it?

INTER. Emulate that great, grand man who always told the truth.

KOLLY. Who's that? (*Mention some local politician.*)?

INTER. No. I refer to George Washington.

KOLLY. Any relation to Washington Avenue?

INTER. Don't you know George Washington?

KOLLY. Do I *have* to know him?

INTER. He was the father of our country.

KOLLY. My, my—and I didn't know him. Who was the mother of our country?

INTER. The poets call England the mother country.

KOLLY. And who was the grandmother of our country?

INTER. There was none.

KOLLY. Yes, there was, too.

INTER. I tell you there never was a grandmother of our country. I know!

KOLLY (*burlesquing*). If there is anything on earth I hate, it is a liar. We can guard our doors with bolts and bars

against thieves and robbers; we can defend our lives with knives and revolvers against murderers and assassins, but we cannot protect our good name against such base fabricators of the truth as you are. (*Attitude.*) You conglomerated mass of unidentified corruption! (*Pause.*) You pusillanimous no-count little end of nothing whittled down to a fine point! (*Pause.*) You—you—you blot on the face of the territory! You say my country never had a grandmother, do you? I say it had. You ain't goin' to cast no slur on the ancestry of my country. I know my country had a grandmother. (*Tearfully.*) Of course it had a grandmother.

INTER. Prove it.

KOLLY. The twenty-second day of February is the grandmother of our country.

INTER. Absurd. Why do you say so?

KOLLY. 'Cause that day gave birth to George Washington, the father of our country.

INTER. (*rising and addressing audience*). Mr. Pete (*Name.*), our friend from the wilds of Zanzibar, will now sing ——.

### END SONG BY PETE

SAM (*to TENOR, who is seated next to him*). What's the matter with you, Isadore? You look so downhearted this evening.

TENOR. I love, I love, alas, above my station.

ALL. You love a lass above your station?

INTER. Why, Isadore, I never dreamed that love was troubling you. Who is the object of your affections?

TENOR (*rising*). The object of my affections is there!

(*Points to PRIMA DONNA, who rises.*)

PRIMA DONNA. How dare you!

TENOR. Love levels all rank, I dare anything.

PRIMA DONNA. You are insulting!

TENOR. The love of an honest man is never an insult; it should be an honor.

DUET: SOPRANO and TENOR, "*Refrain, Audacious Tar,*"  
from "*Pinafore.*"

INTER. Jolly, are you ready to sing now?

JOLLY. Certainly; now I'll show 'em *how* to sing.

INTER. Mr. Jolly, our premier comedian, will now sing the latest vaudeville success.

### END SONG By JOLLY

(NOTE.—*Two endings are given for this Minstrel First Part. If it is presented by a chorus of capable, well-trained singers they should by all means end the First Part with the complete finale of Act I of "Pinafore." If the farcical ending is preferred, here it is.*)

INTER. (*looks off over water with spy-glass*). By George, there comes another boat. They are trying to race with us. Come, boys, to work. It must never be said that the Ship Ahoy has been defeated by a German cruiser.

ALL (*spring up*). No, no!

INTER. We'll show them what timber our Yankee boats are made of. Pipe all hands on deck. (SAM *blows a big horn.*) Be spy there, boys.

(CHORUS *busy themselves with ropes.*)

PRIMA. Probably we'd better go below.

INTER. Not at all; stay up and see the race.

KOLLY. Say, Cap'n, I *knows* I'd better be below.

(END-MEN *run to sides.*)

JOLLY. Cap'n, there's a storm coming up. I want to go home. (*Storm effect.*)



PETE. So do I. When is the next train back to Beale Street? (*Mention negro district in your town.*)

SAM (*sticking his head in from wings*). Me, too. I'm homeward bound.

INTER. What's this? Mutiny? Come out on deck.

KOLLY. If it's all the same to you, I'd rather be excused.

JOLLY. Me, too. I'm getting sick. Oh, Cap'n, if you love your baby boy, please stop the ship.

INTER. I thought you said you were a sailor.

JOLLY. Well, I'm a B and O sailor. (*Name local railroad.*)

KOLLY. Ohhh! Cap'n, hear that thunder. This here boat is a-heaving and a-heaving, and I'm getting just like this here boat. (*Lightning.*)

INTER. Climb up that mast and let out the sheet.

KOLLY. Let out the what?

INTER. Let out the sheet. Hurry! Up with you!

(*KOLLY runs out.*)

JOLLY. Oh, home, where is you now?

INTER. And you get those ropes up there.

JOLLY (*climbing in rail*). Oh, Ebenezer, place a lily in ma hand! Where's Kolly? (*PETE drags KOLLY in.*)

PETE. Here he is.

INTER. Get up there and help him.

JOLLY. Yes, come up yere and help me. I'm slipping.

(*They force KOLLY up.*)

KOLLY. I'm slipt. (*Falls overboard.*)

JOLLY. Man overboard. (*Jumps after him.*)

INTER. Throw out the line. (*Sailors throw out the line.*)

PETE. There he is. He's swimming for the line.

SAM. He's got it.

(*All looking over railing into water. "Hurry" music.*)

INTER. He's catching it. He's saved.

PETE. But where's the other one?

(*KOLLY runs in.*)

KOLLY. I lit right in the basement window. But poor old Jolly is drowned.

INTER. No, we've got him, we've got him.

*(The line is attached to pulley, they pull JOLLY up, with stuffed lobsters and fish attached to him. Ladies scream.)*

JOLLY (*shouts*). Help! dat devil-fish is eating me alive!

*(BUTTERCUP faints.)*

CONFUSION AND CURTAIN

## Fraternal Minstrels

**SETTING.**—*Large American flag in the background. This flag is to be lowered, raised, or drawn aside for final tableau. Use the same stage setting as described for the Moonlight Cabaret Minstrels, except for the floor arrangement. In this setting use no tables but arrange eight seats on either side of the Interlocutor's chair, forming a semicircle. The tenors and basses, four of each, sit on either side of the Interlocutor and the eight end-men in the corners, at front, facing the audience. The CHORUS sit on an elevation behind the Interlocutor in a straight row across the back of the stage. The orchestra are not seated on the stage, but in the usual place in the pit. The higher elevation described in the Moonlight Cabaret Minstrels is not used, and the tree with moon-lantern is not used. Palms, lodge banners, flags and lodge ornaments appear at the sides of the stage. At the rise of the curtain only the Interlocutor and the eight front-row vocalists are seen. A BOY SCOUT bugler sits at the feet of the Interlocutor.*

*When it is time to start the entertainment the BUGLER blows a call on his bugle. Then the double male quartet sing without accompaniment:*

**TENOR**

A lit - tle brown cot, A sha - dy green spot, No

**BASS**

hap - pi - er home I'll find; . My heart's fair - ly gone, I

love on - ly one, She's the girl I left be - hind. . .

*(The curtain rises slowly on the second line. The orchestra immediately starts a lively march and the CHORUS execute a fancy drill, coming in from L. and R. Note that this drill positively should not last more than six minutes; this is very important. INTERLOCUTOR and double quartet stand during the drill. At the end of the drill the CHORUS march out R. and L. and take their places quietly on the elevation.)*

INTER. *(to audience)*. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce our eight kings of comedy. The end-men!

(ORCHESTRA *plays the chorus of some popular negro song in 2-4 time.* END-MEN *dance in and sing chorus, assisted by all the others. The END-MEN dance around c. of stage, using the old-fashioned quadrille movements, if nothing better can be suggested by the stage manager. Make this entrance and song short and snappy. End with every one posed in front of their chairs. KOLLY and JOLLY sit nearest audience.*)

INTER. Gentlemen, be seated.

(*Tambos bang twice and all are seated.*)

(*KOLLY begins to weep softly.*)

INTER. Why, Melancholy, whatever is the matter with you?

KOLLY. Oh, boss! (*Weeps louder.*) Oh, boss! I'm so sorrowful, I am. (*Weeps loudly.*)

INTER. Well, well, that's too bad. What has happened to you?

KOLLY (*sniffing*). Oh, I'm so sorrowful dat I can't explain it. You see, we had an accident down at our house last night. Awful accident; every time I think about it I jest has to — (*Weeps.*) I jest has to — (*Weeps louder.*)

INTER. An accident? Why, what was it, Kolly?

KOLLY. You know dat big mule of mine, named Lizzie?

INTER. Yes, I've seen Lizzie.

KOLLY. He kicked — (*Cries.*) He kicked my poor old mother-in-law, (*Weeps.*) kicked my poor old mother-in-law — (*Weeps so that he cannot finish story, pointing to jaw to indicate where the mule kicked her.*)

INTER. You mean that he kicked the poor old lady in the jaw?

KOLLY. Yassir, dat's what he done done.

INTER. And I suppose it injured her? Fatally, perhaps?

KOLLY. No, sah. Didn't hurt de old lady, but it done broke poor little Lizzie's lef' hind hoof. And then my brother Romeo — (*Weeps.*) You hear what happened to Romeo?

INTER. I heard he was driving a butcher wagon.

KOLLY. Horrible accident. Got run into by (*Local man.*)'s automobile. Poor old Romeo.

INTER. Was he killed?

KOLLY. No, sah, he wasn't hurt a-tall.

INTER. Injured his horses?

KOLLY. No, sah, hosses wasn't hurt a-tall.

INTER. Then why do you weep? What happened?

KOLLY (*weeps*). Oh, it's jes' awful.

INTER. Did it break the wagon?

KOLLY. Break the wagon? Why, man, it knocked the liver clean out of the wagon.

INTER. (*to audience*). Our elongated essence of peculiarity, Mr. (*Name*), will now sing that popular comic song —.

### END SONG BY SAM

(*"Pipp-pipp, Toot-toot, Good-bye," 15 cts., Leo Feist, Feist Bldg., New York City, is recommended.*)

PETE. Good-evening, boss.

INTER. (*frigidly*). Oh, is that you?

PETE. Kinda treatin' me cold, ain't you?

INTER. Well, you can't expect anything better from me after the way you acted at my house last Sunday night.

PETE. What did I did?

INTER. I wasn't at home, but my little dog came out to the gate to greet you and you kicked him.

PETE. Well, I didn't like de way he started to greet me. Anyhow I gave him only a little kick. Jes' like dat. (*Illustrates.*)

INTER. You should have used kindness toward the poor little dog.

PETE. He wasn't using kindness toward me. Dat's de most fe-roc-ious little dog I ever saw.

INTER. It only shows how little feeling you have, to kick a poor, harmless, dumb animal. Let me tell you a little tale that will point my moral.

PETE. Is it a long tale?

INTER. No, it's a short tail.

PETE. About a dog?

INTER. Yes, about a dog.

PETE. Den it's a dog's tail.

INTER. I tell it to show you the meaning of the word gratitude. Three weeks ago I was out camping with a party of scouts. When we reached the thickest, darkest part of the woods I heard a low pitiful moaning. (*Imitates.*) Just like that. What do you think it was?

PETE (*frightened*). Ghostesses.

INTER. No, sir, it wasn't a ghost. It moaned (*Illustrates.*) just like that. It was — (*Pause.*)

PETE. Was it snakeseses?

INTER. I pulled aside a bush and there I found a poor little dog, with his leg broken in two places. I picked him up tenderly and with a few pieces of wood, I splintered his leg and took him home with me.

PETE. And made sausage of him.

INTER. Certainly not. Finally his little leg healed and he is now as well as ever.

PETE. Hot dog!

INTER. To-day that dog is the best friend I have in the world. That is gratitude. And that was the dog you so brutally kicked.

PETE. Say, boss, I had something like dat happen to me one time. Talk about gratitude, jes' listen to this. Last week I was out camping with (*Name.*) and I heard something a-moaning and a-groaning, like a bull-frog wif the stomach-ache. I look all around and what you think I found?

INTER. What *did* you find?

PETE. Found a pore, pitiful, little cockroach, didn't hab no mother nor no father, and his little leg, pore little leg, it was busted into sixty-three little cock-roach inches. I went over to him to ease his troubles and when he saw me, what you reckon he done?

INTER. I haven't the least idea.

PETE (*puts hands to ears and wiggles fingers*). He made signs to me like-a dat. And then I knowed that he was a brother in distress. So I took pity on him and took a bottle of glue and mended all his little legs. I took him home with me and gently placed him in the sink. I floated a peanut shell in the water and gave him a toothpick for an oar and said, "Pull for the shore, old brother, pull for the shore." Den I went to bed satisfied that I had done a good deed and rescued a brother in distress. Why, boss, I saved that poor li'l animal's life, I did.

INTER. And then what happened?

PETE. Now my house is full of roaches. Dat's gratitude.

INTER. (*to audience, rising*). Mr. (*Name.*), our sweet-voiced song-bird, will sing the latest metropolitan success ———.

## BALLAD

JOLLY. Say, boss, has you heard about me lately?

INTER. No, Jolly, I don't think I've heard anything special about you.

JOLLY. Don't you know what I's done done?

INTER. No, what have you done?

JOLLY. I've invented one of them wirelesses instruments.

INTER. You've invented a wireless? How does it work?

JOLLY. Jes' like a telephone, but I don't need no wire.

INTER. Is it practicable?

JOLLY. Yes, indeed. I can talk anywhere with my new invention.



INTER. Can you talk to ——? (*Name near-by town.*)

JOLLY. Jes' as easy as dat. (*Snaps fingers.*)

INTER. Can you talk to ——? (*Name large town.*)

JOLLY. Jes' as easy as dat.

INTER. Maybe you can talk across the Atlantic.

JOLLY. Jes' as easy as before. In fact, I can talk anywhere.

SAM. Can you talk to Africa?

JOLLY. Jes' orter hear me.

KOLLY. Can you talk to France?

JOLLY. Sure can. I was parley-vousing with one of them high-brown demoiselles only dis mawnin'.

PETE. Can you talk to the moon?

JOLLY. Dat's one of the bestest things I does.

JIM. I'll bet you can't talk to Saint Peter.

JOLLY. Gwine to call him up to-morrow and get a tip on —— (*Local joke.*)

CLARENCE. Can you talk to old man Satan?

JOLLY. Dat's one place I ain't got connected with yet, but I'm gwine try some day.

INTER. Jolly, you're an old friend of mine, but I think you are suffering from a delusion that you are a great inventor. You haven't really invented a wireless apparatus, have you?

JOLLY. Ain't I? (*Rises.*) Got it right here.

*(Wheels in small table on which are a telephone receiver, battery jars, coils, etc.)*

INTER. (*coming down*). Well, well! And you say you invented this wonderful machine?

JOLLY. Shore did. Want to have me give it a test out?

INTER. Why certainly. We'd all like to see you try your new invention.

JOLLY. Who you want me to talk to? I can find anybody, no matter whar he is or what he's doing.

INTER. Well, suppose you call up —— (*Name some well-known local politician.*)

JOLLY. Dat's easy. (*In receiver.*) Hello, hello! Get me connected with (*Name*). (*Pause.*)

INTER. Well, have you got him?

JOLLY. Nup, not yet. I got his house. I can see it. (*Describe the man's actual house.*) But it's night time, and he ain't never home at night. But I'm gwine find him. Wait a minute, let's try the City Hall. Hello! Now I sees the City Hall, but he ain't there. You see this ain't salary night. He's only there when he collects his salary.

KOLLY. Did you hear about him?

JOLLY. Says which?

KOLLY. I says didn't you hear about him? Got run into by ambulance this afternoon and he's done dead.

JOLLY. No wonder I couldn't locate him. Lemme try again. Wait a minute. Hello, hello! Gimme the Golden Gate. (*Pause.*)

INTER. (*sarcastically*). Are you speaking to Heaven now?

JOLLY. Yep. Angels floating all around, flying with their wings and playin' on their harps of gold. Hello, is dat you, Saint Peter?

PETE. Lawsy, lawsy, dat boy's talking to old Saint Peter.

JOLLY. Hello, Pete! Say, I'm looking for (*Name*.) Can you find him for me and call him to the 'phone? (*Pause.*)

CLARENCE. Have you got him?

JOLLY. Not yet, but they's a-fetching him.

JIM. Taking a mighty long time. (*'Phone bell rings.*)

JOLLY. Hello, is dat you, Saint Peter? I said I wanted to speak to (*Name*. *Pause*, JOLLY *looks anxious.*) What's dat? (*Pause.*) Um? (*Turns to INTER.*) Got the wrong number; he ain't up there.

JIM. Better try the other place.

JOLLY. I'm kinda scared to monkey with dat other place.

INTER. Nonsense, you said your wireless would reach anywhere. Now let's have proof of your statement.

JOLLY. All right. Hello! Connect me up with old man Satan.

*(Telephone explodes, have some one in wings fire a shot near the table.)*

KOLLY. I reckon you got him.

JOLLY (*frightened*). Yes, I got him, but Lawd knows I don't want no further conversation with him.

INTER. Go on, don't be a coward. Call up and ask him if (*Name.*) is down there with him.

JOLLY (*weakly*). Hello, Satan, am dat you? (*Holds receiver far off, as if scared.*) Hum? I didn't hear you. Dat you, Satan? (*To INTER.*) He says it's him. (*In receiver.*) I want to know it (*Name.*) is down there with you-all? (*Pause.*) Huh? (*He looks surprised.*) He ain't? What say? (*To INTER.*) He say he's been down there, but he had such a hard-boiled constitution dat dey didn't know what to do with him, so they sent him back to ——— (*Name of your town.*) and give him his old place back on the City Council.

INTER. Our Male Quartet will now sing "You're the Flower of my Heart Sweet Adeline."

*(JIM and CLARENCE go out.)*

## QUARTET

*(Sing some old-time well-known song, followed by "A Perfect Day" or "Love's Old Sweet Song" as an encore. Modulate your voices to a pleasant volume. Most amateur quartets believe more in noise than in music: try it the other way and see how much more gratifying the result will be.)*

INTER. What are you doing, Sam?

SAM (*who has been waving at people in audience, after quartet finishes*). Oh, I'm just looking at some ob my friends

out here in front. (*Laughs.*) There's Jolly's gal setting back there with another fellow. (*Points.*)

INTER. Hush! It is very, very unprofessional to make direct allusions to your audience. (*Looks at audience.*) Still I am indeed gratified to see so many of our dear friends present to-night. As I live, there is our old friend James Kelly. (*Insert proper name of popular man in the audience.*)

(*EVERYONE rises and sings to tune of chorus of "K-Katy."*)

K-K-K-Kelly, J-J-Jim Kelly,  
 You're a gentleman of noble pedigree;  
     The boys are for you,  
     The girls adore you,  
 And we bless the night you joined B. P. O. E.

(*Change last words to suit the order giving the show, using K of C., Rotary or similar rhyming ending, or sing the following.*)

G-G-G-Georgie, Georgie Baker,  
 You're a gentleman, and my you're looking fine!  
     The boys are for you,  
     The girls adore you,  
 And we bless the lucky night you joined the Shrine.

(*or:*)

Look at Carl, C-C-C-Carl,  
 A finer prof. than you we never knew;  
     The boys are for you,  
     The girls adore you,  
 And the High School boys are awfully proud of you.

(*Substitute "College," "Kiwaniis" or any other word for "High School."*)

KOLLY. Yes, and there's (*Name.*) Let's have a song for him.

(ALL sing to chorus of "What's the Matter with Father!")

What's the matter with (Name.),

He's all right!

What's the matter with (Name.),

Out of sight!

A jolly good scout and brother is he,

We'll give him a cheer and a three times three,

What's the matter with (Name.),

He's all right!

JOLLY (*points and sings to chorus of "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night"*).

Look at that princess a-sitting on the aisle,

That one right *there!* dressed in the latest style,

If I've made an impression, just raise your hand and smile,

There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.

SAM (*sings*).

I've seen canned fish and caught 'em off the docks,

I've seen canned peas, they tasted just like rocks,

But that's the first time I ever saw lobsters in a box,

They'll have a hot time in the old town to-night.

PETE (*sings*).

Those girls over there are the subject of my song,

They're out there alone, of course it isn't wrong,

If you couldn't get a beau, why didn't you bring your paw  
along?

There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.

KOLLY (*sings*).

You boys down in front behind the music stands,

You seem to like the show, the orchestra and bands,

But wake up, sons, and agitate your hands

(*Pantomime clapping.*)

You'll have a hot time in the old town to-night.

(For an encore the FOUR END-MEN come forward and sing.)

FOUR END-MEN.

We've sung all the verses and that is all we know,  
Please keep still for there're others in the show,  
We know we're awful good, but now we've got to go,  
You'll have a hot time in the old town to-night.

(KOLLY retires.)

SAM (to INTER.). We certainly seemed to make a hit with that song, boss.

INTER. Yes, indeed. It seemed to go very well.

SAM. It was nice music. I certainly do love nice music, I certainly do love flowers, and I certainly do love girls.

INTER. And you certainly do love politics. You're quite a politician, I hear.

SAM. That's the time. Politics and love go hand in hand.

INTER. Why, how is that?

SAM. I'll explainify. I was out to see my lady love last night, and she said to me, "Icilius ——"

INTER. Icilius?

SAM. That's the time. That's my maiden name. She say to me, "What is the difference between protection and free-trade?" We were sitting on the sofa and I said, "Ammonia, allow me to illustrate!" And I put my arm around her waist.

INTER. Why, Sam, how could you?

SAM. Practice makes perfect, boss. That's the time. "Now," I said, "Ammonia, this is protection." And Ammonia shore was powerful strong for protection.

INTER. Very plausible.

SAM. That's the time. Then I put her head on my little shoulder and I kissed her.

JOLLY. Hot dog!

SAM. Then she kissed me back. That was Free Trade. Seems like that gal couldn't understand Free Trade at all. I had to explain it to her for about forty minutes. Now every

time I see her she asks me to show her again what is Free Trade.

INTER. You seem to have had plenty of experience in osculation, Sam.

SAM. What you mean osculation?

INTER. Kissing.

SAM. That's the time.

I've kissed the girls of every land,  
 And the other side of the sea,  
 The girls of England, Ireland, France,  
 And sunny Italy.  
 The Honolulu maidens, too,  
 In fact, of every clime;  
 But for downright yum-yummy, yum, yum, yum!

INTER. Well?

SAM. Give me the (*Name of town.*) girls every time.

INTER. (*rises, speaks to audience.*) This way! The big show is about to commence! This way! It costs you not a cent! Jolly! Jolly! The dog-faced Mr. Jolly! The Comedy Quince, will now amuse, instruct and entertain you! Jolly! Jolly Mr. Jolly! This way! Allow me to present the prince of good fellows and the ace of entertainers, Mr. (*Name.*)

### END SONG By JOLLY

(*Sing "Sam-u-el" or any of Bert Williams' famous songs. See Columbia Talking Machine catalogues. Make it snappy.*)

INTER. And now the hour is drawing near when all good members of our order let their minds go back to its cardinal principles. I propose a toast, a toast to our Order!

(*All rise.*)

ALL (*arms uplifted*). A toast, a toast!  
 INTER. (*gives official toast, or substitute this*).  
 Here's a health, my brothers,  
 Friendship, beauty, truth,  
 Love that thrills the bosom,  
 Hopes that beckon youth—  
 Pledge them all together,  
 All that's fair and true—  
 Here's to (*Names.*)  
 Brothers, here's to you!

ALL (*throw arms over the others' shoulders, sway R. and L. and sing*).

### AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to mind?  
 We'll drink a cup of kindness now  
 To Auld Lang Syne.

(ALL *resume seats.*)

INTER. But what's become of my melancholy friend,  
 Kolly?

JOLLY. Didn't you hear about him?

INTER. No, what has happened?

JOLLY. Well, he joined the lodge last Thursday night, and  
 he certainly is in a battered-up condition now.

PETE (*looking off stage*). Here he comes now.

(KOLLY *hobbles in on crutches, foot bandaged, face bandaged, arm in a sling. He hobbles to front.*)

INTER. Why, Kolly, what's all this?

KOLLY (*mournfully*). This? Boss, this is the result of  
 Brotherly Love. (*Sings.*)



## BROTHERLY LOVE

*(All reproduction rights reserved.)**Allegro*

1. Last Thurs - day night I joined the Or - der, Paid  
 2. They led me bare - foot o'er the des - ert, By  
 3. They said, "How are you, feel - ingbroth - er?" I

fit - ty dol - lars due; They said they'd treat me  
 Gosh, that sand was hot; They stood me up a -  
 said, "Not ver - y well." They dropped me in a

like a broth - er And stick to me like glue. They  
 gainst a tar - get And filled me full of shot. They  
 lake of brim - stone, I thought I was in \* The

\*Discord in orchestra.

tied a blind a - round my fore - head, And  
 raised me up and gen - tly put me Up -  
 goat came rush - ing at me sud - den, You

punched me in the nose;            They bor - rowed all my  
 on a red - hot stove;            They stabbed me in the  
 know just how it feels;            He struck me mid - way

read - y mon - ey, And then stole all my clothes.  
 So - lar Plex - us, And call it Broth - erly Love!  
 in the ex - it, I now stand up for meals.

CHORUS

They'd haul me up a - bove, They'd  
kick and pinch and shove; They'd scald and burn and  
brand and tor - ture, And call it Broth - er - ly Love!

*(Hobbles to his seat.)*

INTER. Our light-foot floor-light favorites, Jim and Clarence, will now perform their famous boy and girl specialty.

### BOY AND GIRL SONG AND DANCE, JIM and CLARENCE

*(Use any popular "firtation" number. Write to some publishing house and tell them just what you want and they'll send it to you.)*

ALL (*rise, face audience, extend arms and sing chorus of "Aloha Oe"*).

Farewell to thee, a long farewell,  
Thou dearest one that dwells among the flowers,  
Farewell to thee, a long farewell,  
We'll meet again some day.

#### B. P. O. E. ENDING

1. *Lights all out. (Raise flag showing tableau.)*
2. *Clock strikes eleven times slowly.*
3. *Music, "Nearer My God to Thee." Strong spot light on tableau of illuminated elk with goddess draped in white and purple, bearing an Elk or American flag. Slow curtain.*

#### SHRINE ENDING

1. *Lights all out. (Raise flag showing tableau.)*
2. *Soft oriental march.*
3. *Lights up gradually, spot light on tableau, Harem Girl bearing Shrine banner. Slow curtain.*

#### AMERICAN LEGION ENDING

1. *Lights all out. (Raise flag showing tableau.)*
2. *Music: Star Spangled Banner.*
3. *Lights gradually up, showing Soldier and Sailor with clasped hands, Columbia back of them bearing American flag.*
4. *All sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"—to slow curtain.*

#### Y. M. C. A., RED CROSS, OR K. OF C. ENDING

1. *Lights all out. (Raise flag.)*
2. *Patriotic music.*
3. *Tableau: Wounded Sailor or Soldier, Red Cross Nurse, Y. M. C. A. worker, or K. of C. worker. Red lights. Sudden gun shot! Slow curtain.*

## ROTARY OR KIWANIS ENDING

*Tableau: (1) Tall Girl in Grecian robe bears banner Charity. Several ragged children at her feet, one in her arms. Prominent members of the order. (2) Bear banners inscribed "Rotary" or "Kiwanis." Sing Club Song to slow curtain.*

END

# Patriotic Minstrels

## For the Younger Generation

(MUSIC: "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," played in strict march time.)

[(a) Enter from rear L., eight Boy Scouts, marching in pairs with stout poles about five feet long, held upright against R. shoulders. They march once around the stage in a large circle, keeping strict time to the music. The Leader enters from L. and marches to L. front. Boys line up at rear in two rows, all facing to L. Leader gives the commands. "Front face!" This brings two lines, of four boys each, at rear facing front. They march to the front of the stage.

(b) "Carry arms!" "Present arms!" "Right shoulder arms!" "Carry arms!" "Port arms!" "Ground arms!" "Carry arms!" The front four side-step to sides of the stage, two L. and two R. The rear four form an X, their poles raised forming a pyramid. The four at the sides mark time, as the X revolves.

(c) The four that formed the X march to rear and mark time, as the other four advance to c. and form X and

*revolve. The eight circle the stage in single file. The circle narrows and all form pyramid with poles.*

- (d) *March to front in couples, the four on R. march to R., the four on L. march to L., up sides, meet at center rear and down again in couples. Form an arch with poles.*
- (e) *The music changes from "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" to the "Sailor's Hornpipe." Eight SAILOR LADS (or MIDDY GIRLS) dance in in single file, down through the arch and form a line across the stage at front. The Scouts march to rear and form a line at rear, marking time. The Sailors dance a few steps of the Sailor's Hornpipe, if possible. This dance must be very short and snappy, not more than four minutes.*
- (f) *Music changes to "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," the SAILORS line up in front facing the audience and the eight SCOUTS form immediately back of them. All sing.]*

### SCOUT SONG

*(Tune: "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.")*

Oh, the Boy Scouts have captured the country,  
 From the Gulf to the Lakes everywhere,  
 From the east to the west they are loyal,  
 Ever ready to do and to dare.  
 And wherever our flag proudly flutters,  
 'Neath the folds of the red, white and blue,  
 You'll find there a band of brave fellows,  
 A patrol ever willing and true.

Three cheers for the B. S. of A.  
 Three cheers for the B. S. of A.  
 Be Prepared is our watchword and slogan,  
 Three cheers for the B. S. of A.

A Boy Scout's courageous and worthy,  
 A Boy Scout is healthy and strong,  
 They're the hope and the pride of the nation,  
 And they're striving to right every wrong.  
 Then here's to the order we cherish,  
 May she conquer and grow day by day,  
 And here's to the Scout Law and Symbols,  
 And here's to the B. S. of A.

Three cheers for the B. S. of A.  
 Three cheers for the B. S. of A.  
 Be Prepared is our watchword and slogan,  
 Three cheers for the B. S. of A.

*(Music continues. All wheel backwards forming two lines from down L. to rear C. A SCOUT and a SAILOR march to the pole at rear C. BUGLER enters and stands at R. front. Music ends. Bugle sounds. All uncover. The SCOUT and the SAILOR raise the flag, then march back, resuming former positions.)*

ALL (*point to the flag, speak slowly in unison*). "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

(MUSIC: "*Dixie*." ROOSTER, TOPY and AUNT JEMIMY run in and down to front. They jig, swing, balance, etc., as all sing.)

### DIXIE

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,  
 Old times there are not forgotten,  
 Look away, look away, look away,  
 Dixie Land.  
 In Dixie Land where I was born in,  
 Early on one frosty morning,  
 Look away, look away, look away,  
 Dixie Land.



(During the singing of the first verse all move in front of their chairs. LEADER takes the big arm-chair in front of the flag-pole. BUGLER sits on platform at his feet. Others form semi-circle R. and L. ROOSTER, TOSPY and AUNT J. still stand at c. dancing, etc.)

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hoo-ray, hoo-ray!  
 In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,  
 To lib and die in Dixie.  
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie,  
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Dere's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,  
 Makes you fat er a little fatter;  
 Look away, look away, look away,  
 Dixie Land.

Den hoe it down and scratch your gravel,  
 To Dixie Land I'm bound to travel,  
 Look away, look away, look away,  
 Dixie Land.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hoo-ray, hoo-ray!  
 In Dixie Land I'll take my stand  
 To lib and die in Dixie.  
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie,  
 Away, away, (*Retard.*) away down south in Dixie.

ROOSTER. Whar's old Black Joe? I don't see him hangin' round no place. Whar is he?

AUNT. I reckon he's way down yander in de corn-field.

TOSPY (*pointing to L.*). Look way down dere by dat old 'simmon tree. Dere he come now.

AUNT. Dat's right, dat's him shore as you're born.

ROOSTER (*calls*). Come on, Joe, come on up yere. We want you.

(*All bend toward L. and look. Music: "Old Black Joe."*)

JOE (*outside L. 1 E., singing chorus*).

I'm coming, I'm coming,  
For my head is bending low,  
I hear those gentle voices calling  
Old Black Joe. (*Hobbles in from L. 1 E.*)

(*MUSIC changes to "Dixie," played loud and fast. The four comedians dance down c., jiggling a hoe-down and then dancing quadrille or Virginia Reel figures. Make this very lively, the SCOUTS throwing up caps and cheering, clapping hands, etc. The more noise the better. Finally JOE and AUNTY stand at R. front and ROOSTER and TOSY at L. front.*)

LEADER. Ladies and gentlemen, be seated. (*All sit, except LEADER.*) Good-evening, Rooster, how are you this evening? (*LEADER sits in c.*)

ROOSTER. I is well, thank you, I is.

LEADER (*rapidly*). And your sister?

ROOSTER (*rapidly*). She's well, thank you, she is.

LEADER. And your father?

ROOSTER. He's well, thank you, he is.

LEADER. And your dear little wife?

ROOSTER. She's well, thank you, she is.

LEADER. And your mother-in-law?

ROOSTER (*with same intonation as before*). She's dead, thank you, she is.

LEADER. Indeed? Why, I hadn't heard about that. What was the complaint?

ROOSTER. Dere ain't been no complaint at all. Everybody is satisfied.

LEADER. Let me see, you married one of the Dewberry girls, didn't you?

ROOSTER. Yassir, I married de one wid de bow-legged face, I did.

LEADER. You had quite a time getting that girl, didn't you?

ROOSTER. Yassir, and now I wish I'd never done got what I got when I got her.

LEADER. Her father objected, I believe?

ROOSTER. Yassir, dat's a fact. Old Mr. Dewberry objected right smart, at first.

LEADER. But you succeeded in making an impression on him at last?

ROOSTER. No, sah; no, sah. He made de impression on me.

LEADER. Did he lick you?

ROOSTER. Lick me? He did worse dan lick me, he kicked me. Yassir, dat old man kicked me right between (*Pause.*) de corn patch and de front balcony, he did.

LEADER. That's too bad. But you should have stood up for your rights.

ROOSTER. I had to stand up for my meals. Dat old man's de kickingest man I ever got kicked from. But I got even wif him, though. I sold him a mule. De mule baulked, old man stooped over to look at her lef' hind hoofs and den—blooey! Old man Dewberry ain't been able to kick nothin' since.

LEADER (*rises, speaks to audience*). Our gifted song-bird, Mr. (*Name.*) will now render for your approval the latest popular ballad.

### BALLAD INTRODUCED

LEADER (*rises and comes down stage to JOE*). Well, Uncle Joe, I'm glad you are with us this evening. How are you feeling?

JOE. Spiritualistic, boss, dat's how, jest spiritualistic.

LEADER. What do you mean by spiritualistic?

JOE. Oh, jest medium, sah, jest medium.

LEADER. By the way, uncle, what has become of your boy Sam?

JOE. You mean dat big black buckra Sam? I done sent him away from home.

LEADER. Indeed?

JOE. Yassir, dat boy got so dog-goned ornery dat I jest couldn't do nuffin' wif him. First I got him a job in the —— (*Insert some local business.*) but he didn't hab sense enough even for dat. Den I got him a job at (*Local*), but he was so blame crooked dat he got fired. So finally I told him to go way out west and find an opening for himself.

LEADER. You sent him out west to find an opening? Did he succeed?

JOE. Yassir, he found an opening all right. I got a letter from de Chief ob Police out there saying dat my boy Sam was in a hole. He shore found dat opening.

LEADER. I've started a new business now, Uncle Joe. I'm in the canning business. Why, last week I used up four loads of peaches and six loads of pears.

JOE. What you do wif all dat 'ere fruit, boss?

LEADER. Well, we eat what we can, and what we can't eat, we can.

JOE. Dat's jest like my business. I'm taking orders for coal. We sell an order when we can sell it, and when we can't sell it we cancel it.

LEADER. I understand that you are quite prosperous now, Uncle Joe.

JOE. Yassir, dat's a fact. Ever since de Republicans made their grand sweep I's been livin' on Easy Street right next door to Prosperity Avenue.

LEADER. Oh, you attribute it all to the Republicans, then?

JOE. Yassir, dat's how I got my first start. You know de women got to vote dis time. Yassir, well dere was me an' my wife, four sons and seven daughters, thirteen votes at ten dollars each, dat gimme my start in life. I's a regular politician, I is. You see dis yere political game is jes' like a walnut, boss. Jes' like a walnut.

LEADER (*going back to his chair*). How is it like a walnut, Joe?

JOE. Well, suh, you see de outside ob a walnut is green and bitter and gets your fingers all black, it ain't no good—

dat's de Socialistic Party, throw it away. Den you come to de hard black shell, dat's also no good, dat represents de Democratic Party, throw it away. But at last you come to de sweet kernel ob de nut, dat's what you's lookin' for and dat's de Republican Party. Yassir, de kernel ob de nut is de Republican Party (*Wait for applause.*) and nine times outa ten you'll find it rotten.

LEADER. Aunt Jemimy, our rotund comedienne, will now sing that sad and soulful ballad (*Name of song*).

### COMEDY SONG BY AUNT JEMIMA

TOPSY (*after song*). Say, boss, did you year about my new job?

LEADER. No, Topsy, I didn't. Where are you working now?

TOPSY. I's working down at de (*Local.*) Hotel. I'z de chambermaid.

LEADER. No doubt you meet some very peculiar people at your hotel?

TOPSY. Indeed I does. The other night (*Name.*) took a room at our hotel and axed could he hab his supper served in his room. And what you think dat man ordered?

LEADER. Why, Topsy, I have no idea. What did Mr. (*Name.*) order?

TOPSY. A plate ob wet soup.

LEADER. Wet soup?

TOPSY. Some bee's knees, a camel's hump stewed in goat's milk, a package ob fried cigarettes, some Carter's Little Liber Pills, a tobacco omelette and an empty cup ob coffee.

LEADER. Well, well, he couldn't have been light in his stomach after eating that.

TOPSY. No, sah, I don't reckon he was, but he was shore light in de head when he ordered it. But dat ain't de worst. An old maid was sittin' in de office when (*Name.*) came in with a glass pitcher. He says to me, "Topsy, go and get this filled." I did. Den (*Name.*) came in wif a coal-oil can, he

says to me, "Topsy, go and get this filled." And I did. Den old Mr. (*Name.*) came in wif a hot-water bottle and he says to me, "Topsy, go and get this filled," and I did. Den de old maid run out and come back in with a pair of trousers, and she say to me, "Topsy, go out and get these filled," and I lost ma job.

LEADER. Our Harmony Boys will now chord a few notes by rendering (*Name of song.*)

### QUARTET OR HARMONY CHORUS

LEADER (*after specialty*). Aunt Jemima, I saw (*Name.*) this morning. He told me he was up to your house to a party last night.

AUNT. Yassir, we had quite some little gathering, we did. We had food to eat, and we sung songs, oh, we had a hilarious time, we did. (*Name.*) sung a mighty good song. Dat boy certainly would be a good singer, only for one thing, he ain't got no voice.

LEADER. And what did he sing?

AUNT. Oh, he sang "Locked in de Stable wif de Sheep," he did.

LEADER. No, no. You mean "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

AUNT. Maybe dat's so. Then Miss (*Name.*) sang a song. She's got a lovely voice. Yassir, it's lovely, you understand, but not for singing. She sang "I Want a Man" and she certn'y did speak de truth.

LEADER. Didn't you sing for them, Aunt Jemima?

AUNT. Course I did. Course I did. I flavored 'em with a little song entitled "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs."

ROOSTER. And you proved dat you couldn't.

LEADER. Why, Rooster, were you there?

ROOSTER. 'Deed I was. I sung a fine song called "If I Only Stopped to Drink."

LEADER. No no, you mean, "If I Only Stopped to Think."

ROOSTER. Yassir, dat was it. "If I Only Stopped to Think Whar I'z a-goin' to Get a Drink," dat was it.

AUNT. But (*Name.*) made de hit of de evening. He made a big hit, he did. Especially wif de ladies. All de ladies certn'y do lub dat boy. He's got such a cute little nose. He sung "When I Swallows Home-Made Pies."

LEADER. You mean "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," don't you?

AUNT. Dat's it. But say, you orter see dat boy swallow home-made pies, though. He ate five dishes ob ice cream at a party last fall. Not 'cause he wanted it but jest 'cause it was free. Dat boy got a appetite like a ninety thousand hoss-power Ford automobile, he has.

LEADER. The world famous comedian, Mr. (*Name.*) impersonating Rooster with us to-night, will now render his inimitable end song.

#### COMEDY SONG BY ROOSTER

LEADER (*after song*). Now to vary the usual method, Uncle Joe, I'm going to ask you a conundrum. You see I have three cigars (*Produces two cigars*), one in each hand.

JOE. What's dat, boss? You say you's got three cigars? I only sees two.

LEADER. Oh, no, Uncle Joe, you are mistaken.

JOE. Is I losin' my ear-sight? Aunt Jemimy, how many cigars you see?

AUNT. I only sees two.

LEADER (*holding one in each hand*). Now watch me very closely. Here is one. (*Indicating left hand.*) And here is two. (*Indicating right hand.*) Two and one are three. Do you understand?

JOE. Mmmm! Dat shore is wonderful, ain't it? Say, boss, will you do dat again? I nebber see nuffin' like dat.

LEADER. With pleasure. Here is one cigar, and here's two, and two and one make three cigars.

JOE (*hobbling to LEADER*). Say, boss, I kin do dat. Lemme take dem cigars.

LEADER. Certainly.

JOE. One and one. (*Gets puzzled.*) Two and two — (*Much puzzled, counts fingers, scratches head.*) Lemme see! How was dat now? Two is one and one is two. Dog if I see whar de three comes in. Lemme try again. Yere, Rooster, you take dis cigar.

ROOSTER. Yes, indeedy. (*Puts it in his mouth.*)

JOE. Dat's one. And dis is two. (*Puts it in his mouth.*) I takes dis.

LEADER. Yes, but see here, what do I take?

JOE. You take the third one, boss, you take the third one.

(*Laughs and hobbles back to his seat.*)

LEADER. Uncle Joe and Miss Topsy will now favor us with a jazz duet.

### SPECIALTY

LEADER.

And now before we close our show,

A toast to all of you;

Here's to our glorious country,

And the old red, white and blue.

(*Soft music, all rise, salute, LEADER steps to L. C. GIRL dressed as Liberty enters bearing American flag, or if all boys are used tall boy dressed as Uncle Sam enters bearing flag, but use a girl as Liberty, if possible.*)

Here's to the States of the sun-kissed South,

The North, the East and the West,

Here's to the old U. S. of A.

The land we love the best.

Here's to the sailor lad, so brave (*SAILOR enters.*)

And the lad in khaki, too (*SOLDIER enters.*)

The flag of the free and the pride of all,

Our own Red, White and Blue.



(SOLDIER and SAILOR stand in front of LIBERTY with clasped hands. She is on platform behind them.)

**LIBERTY.**

Boy in khaki, boy in blue,  
 I am watching over you,  
 Going forth amid the rattle  
 Of the drums that call to battle.  
 With the Stars and Stripes high o'er you,  
 Victory's eagle screams before you,  
 Heaven keep, encompass you,  
 Boy in khaki, boy in blue.  
 God return you safe to me;  
 To Columbia—Liberty;  
 'Tis my prayer, my hope for you,  
 Boy in khaki, boy in blue.

(All wave small flags and sing "Star Spangled Banner."  
 Burn red fire in wings.)

**SLOW CURTAIN**

# High School Minstrels

1. (*Opening March of INTERLOCUTOR and Chorus. Opening Song.*)

2. INTER.

Here's to the Senior, so learned and wise,  
As the Pride of the High School he takes the First Prize.  
He studies by day and he studies by night,  
His conduct is perfect, his grades out of sight.  
The Senior!

(*Points to L. Orchestra plays a chord. END-MAN enters as SENIOR, dressed in cap and gown, huge spectacles, etc. Carries huge bunch of books and a senior flag bearing the numerals of the class. All applaud as he stands in front of end-chair on R., the chair nearest the INTERLOCUTOR.*)

3. INTER.

Here's to the Junior, in football a star,  
He says, "Never seen it—I done—and she are,"  
His grammar is rusty, his study hours few,  
But he is an athlete, I'm telling you!  
The Junior!

*(Points to R. Orchestra plays chord. JUNIOR hobbles in, head bandaged, arm in sling. Ragged football togs. Carries a Junior flag and a football.)*

4. INTER.

Here's to the Sophomore, society's pet,  
 Won't go out in the rain for fear he'll get wet,  
 He rushes the girls, he's sweet, I declare,  
 At dances and needlework he is a bear!  
 The Sophomore!

*(DUDE enters from L. to chord. He dances in and sits at R.)*

5. INTER.

Here's to the Freshman, my word, but he's green,  
 He rides to the High School in his little machine,  
 He plays tag and hopscotch, and hide-and-go-seek,  
 The Freshman, my friends, is the High School freak!  
 The Freshman!

*(FRESHMAN enters, riding little bicycle, dressed as a kid of five. He carries a big stick of candy and the Freshman flag.)*

6. *(All sing school song, then give the school cheer. Then proceed with the performance, using material found elsewhere in this book.)*

### TIRED TOMMY MINSTRELS

Ten old bums appear on the stage around a camp-fire. They tell minstrel stories and sing songs. At the finale a female Policeman (boy) comes in and arrests them all. The chief comic proposes to her and she accepts him. Musical ending. All in white face.

**MERRY CHRISTMAS MINSTRELS**

For the Children

Have three adults, one for Santa Claus (interlocutor), one for Silly Willie and one for Old Mother Hubbard (end-men). Fill in with children. Use simple jokes and songs and marches. Run the show about twenty minutes, end with Santa showing the Christmas Tree.

**TIPPERARY MINSTRELS**

Irish end-men, interlocutor and chorus. Stage trimmed in green. Sing Irish songs and tell Irish stories. Use the Bouncey Powder ending described on page 153, Novelty Endings for First Parts.



**Part III**  
**Miscellaneous Material to Fill**  
**the Chinks in First Parts**





## Novelty Opening Number

*The curtain rises showing the orchestra seated on the high elevation in rear. The orchestra plays the introduction and vamp to "Alexander's Band is Back in Dixie Land" loudly and with full jazz effect. The music and orchestration of this number may be secured from "Jerome H. Remick & Co., Detroit, Mich." In playing the number let out as much as you please when no one is singing, but during the singing play strings and mute the brass.*

*(a) As soon as the music starts ten boys march out from R. in single file, form a line facing audience, about half way between orchestra and footlights. They sing:*

Where's that music coming from—  
Listen to that big bass drum—  
Come a little nearer,  
Now it's getting clearer,  
Ain't they playing some?

*As soon as they start to sing the ten boys bend bodies a little to L., put L. hands behind L. ears, listening.*

*On the words "Come a little nearer," they advance to footlights, using slight jazz or cake-walk step. On line "Ain't*

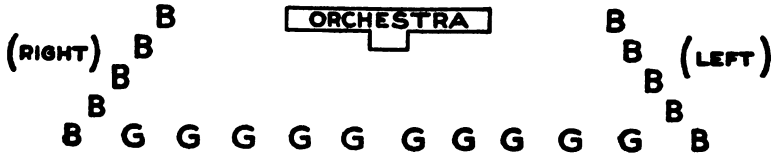


they playing some?" they are in a line close to footlights facing the audience, bending over a little and sing this line directly to the audience.

(b) On the line "Come a little nearer," ten girls march out from R. in single file and form a line facing the audience, at rear. All sing:

That's what I call music sweet,  
 Puts the tickle in your feet;  
 I know from the metre  
 That a certain leader's  
 Comin' down the street.

(c) On line "That's what I call music sweet," boys pivot backward, pivoting on outer corners, and girls march to front, forming this picture:



(d) On line "I know from the metre," boys form a line back of the girls. On "Coming down the street" all point to L. front. All sing:

Here comes Ragtime Alexander,  
 Dixie's famous band commander.  
 No more worry, no more blues,  
 Everybody run along  
 And get your dancing shoes.

(e) On line "Dixie's famous band commander," all pivot backward to R., forming two lines at the R. of the stage, girls in front, all facing to L. All sing:

When it comes to syncopation,  
That's the best band in creation,  
Oh, boy! what a time,  
Cross the Mason-Dixon line,  
Alexander's band is back in Dixie Land.

(f) *On line "When it comes to syncopation," the eight end-men march in from L. front in single file, with INTERLOCUTOR as Drum-major leading, followed by the end-men playing (or faking) on all kinds of kazoo or absurd instruments. BILLY comes last, laboriously beating a bass drum. They circle the stage. The end-men repeat chorus while the ten couples sing and dance a one-step behind them. On the words, "Oh, boy, what a time," line up facing audience, first the comedians, back of them the girls, back of them the boys, and finish the chorus.*

(g) *Repeat the chorus a third time, every one whistling the air, the comedians face to R., the girls to L. and the boys to R. Comedians start to march, girls follow, then boys, all in single file, whistling and playing the fake instruments, all march to their places.*

[NOTE.—This makes a wonderfully snappy opening if all movements are made in unison and the music is quick and snappy. It is easy to sing, and easy to work out, and puts the audience in a good spirit to enjoy the rest of the show. It may be given by all boys, if desired. Do not sing the second verse, simply the first verse and three choruses. Do not respond to an encore. If desired, the comedians may play on bones and tambourines instead of kazoo instruments, but the latter make a better "flash."]

## Working up "Local" Gags

(An audience is always pleased when a comedian makes any

reference to some well-known local person, neighborhood or public official. Work local hits in your stories and songs whenever possible. Do not give offense, but choose your victims from jolly, good-natured people who are not thin-skinned.)

### THE THIN MAN

END. Say, boss, I certainly got a good joke on Mr. (*Name of thin man.*)

INTER. You mean my friend, Mr. (*Full name of thin man.*)

END. That's the man. He was up in Doctor ——'s office the other day and a little newsboy came along the street selling papers. Mr. (*Name.*) and Doc (*Name.*) knew the boy was coming in the office and they decided to play a joke on him. They pulled down the shades till the room was nearly dark and then set the office skeleton at the desk and hid in the closet. The boy came in, saw the skeleton and was nearly scared to death. He ran out and Mr. (*Name.*) called him back. The kid came back, but when he saw Mr. (*Name.*) he was worse frightened than before. "What's the matter?" says Mr. (*Name.*). "Aw, you can't fool me, you can't fool me. I know you, I do, even if you *did* put your clothes on!"

### BIG FEET

END. Speaking of street cars and things, did you ever notice what big feet Mr. (*Name.*)'s got?

INTER. I never noticed it. But now that you mention it, I believe Mr. (*Name.*)'s pedal extremities are rather large.

END. Large? Large? Man, dem feet is magnanimous. You know them tan shoes he wears. He was riding in a sleeping-car one night and the porter come in to shine them shoes, and thought he'd done a good job. The next morning they found he had shined one shoe and a dress-suit case.

## BASHFUL MAN

END. (*Name.*) came to me the other night and wanted some advice on how to make love.

INTER. I suppose you were competent to give him some very expert testimony?

END. I was. (*Elaborate a little.*) He said to me, "Should I propose to a girl on my knees?"

INTER. And what did you tell him?

END. I told him no. I said, "You'd better make her get off your knees, and then propose to her."

## FAT MAN

END. You know Mr. (*Name.*)? Well, he's so fat that he can't buy nothing ready made except his handkerchiefs. And he has so much trouble with his laundry. Can't get nobody to wash and iron his shirts. Sent one of his shirts to (*Local.*) Laundry and they sent it back with a note saying that they didn't agree to wash and iron circus tents.

## "LOCAL" SONG

(*Tune: "The Wearing of the Green."*)

I've just been around your city, and I'll say it's mighty fine,  
 But let me tell you, folks, your street-car system is a shine.  
 They charge you — cents fare, that isn't very nice,  
 The cars are nice and airy, but the air is cold as ice.  
 They pack in two hundred people where there should be forty-five,  
 You say your prayers and trust to luck and hope you are alive,  
 Your police are out for money and your crooks are out for blood,  
 I couldn't see your streets because they're covered up with mud.

Jim Parks and Tommy Sullivan and others I could name,  
 Are always mighty handy in their little poker game.  
 Your Light, Heat and Power Company, it surely is a fright,  
 If they hear a little thunder the lights stay out all night.  
 John Blake and Billy Bryan went around and made a fuss,  
 They found a ball team in the Styx and wished it onto us.  
 I'm hoping some day they will score upon some other team,  
 And if they do we'll all wake up and say it was a dream.

(See how easy it is? Just a few jingles on local politics,  
 or the deficiencies of your home town. Most any one can  
 write similar rhymes in twenty minutes.)

## Miscellany

### THE ELEVATOR

No, suh, boss, I'd never been in the city before, but I jes'  
 naturally had to see Mistah Brown in his office. Biggest office  
 you ever see in your life. Ten stories high. I asked a yaller  
 boy whar Mistah Brown's office is and he say he'll show me.  
 He took me into a big cage and shet the door, and then we  
 begun to move! Mistah, I'm tellin' you de gospel truth, we  
 got off right whar we started, an' Gawd knows we riz.

### MARY

(For the END-MEN)

When Mary starts to board a car,  
 Just see how brazen bad men are,  
 Why don't they turn their heads, I beg,  
 Why should they look at Mary's (*Pause.*) hat?

These high-step cars are a disgrace;  
 They are entirely out of place;  
 The distance truly should be half,  
 Then Mary wouldn't show her—animosity.

When Mary starts to dance a bit,  
The men folks nearly have a fit,  
If more clothes her form did drape,  
Then Mary wouldn't show her—disposition.

Mary steps across the gutter;  
Oh, the mean things men will utter!  
Mary's anger 'gins to rankle,  
How dare they talk about her—new spring hat?

When Mary wears that short slit skirt,  
The men all try with her to flirt,  
And wonder if the naughty breeze  
Will show the world sweet Mary's—shopping bag.

When Mary steps on banana peels,  
And swaps her head with Mary's heels,  
'Tis very sad to see them guys  
Rubber around to see her—loop-the-loop!

### **A MASONIC TOAST**

'Tis Masonry unites mankind,  
Its generous actions warm the soul,  
In friendly converse we are joined,  
One spirit animates the whole.  
Sing, Brethren, then, the Craft divine,  
Best band of social joy and mirth,  
The Level, Compass and the Square,  
Surround and elevate the earth.

Then join hand in hand,  
A firm loyal band,  
Let's be merry and put a bright face on;  
What mortal can boast  
A nobler toast  
Than the free and accepted Mason?

**THIS MAKES 'EM LAUGH**

**INTER.** A single blue-fish can boast of five thousand offspring.

**END.** Good lawsy! Five thousand from a single blue-fish?

**INTER.** Yes, sir.

**END.** How many will a married one have? (*Elaborate, if desired.*)

**SO DOES THIS!**

✓ (**INTER.** *describes the foolish things one does when excited.*)

**END.** That's so. Fire at our house. (*Elaborate.*) I done the most foolish thing. Rushed in burning building, etc.

**INTER.** Were you a hero? Rescue any one?

**END.** No, too excited. What you think I rescued? (*Pause.*) A pair of pants. (*Wait for laugh.*) And they weren't men's pants either. (*Pause.*) They were little boy's pants.

**PICKANINNY STUNT**

Have the end-man sing a song about some "little black coon" and at the end have three or four sure-enough little coons come in, rush to him, clasp his knees and call "Papa!"

**"PLANT" IN THE AUDIENCE**

Have end-man come out dressed as very stylish colored girl and sing some popular soubrette song to a boy in the front row. At the end he jumps up on the stage and hugs and kisses the "girl." Of course, the boy is in the secret, but he must not betray the fact by appearing over-zealous before his act comes. No one on the stage must pay any attention to him until he climbs up on the stage.

**NOVELTY ENDINGS FOR FIRST PART**

1. End by having four little coons eat pie, kneeling down, hands bound behind them.
2. End with a burlesque boxing match by the end-men.
3. End-man makes short stump speech saying how he tamed his wife.irate wench runs down the aisle, climbs on stage and scatters the minstrels left and right.
4. End with patriotic song. Then have three men dressed like the characters in the famous picture, "The Spirit of Seventy-Six," march down the audience aisle, man with bloody bandage over eye blowing fife, tall, thin old man beating drum, small boy beating drum or carrying flag. They pose on stage. Red-fire tableau.
5. Balloon game. Ends each have toy balloon; they have a race with them around stage to fast music, pushing balloons with their noses.
6. Bouncey Powders. Peddler bounces in and sells end-men Bouncey Powders; as soon as a man sniffs the powder he starts to bounce. For finale every one is bouncing.
7. For Girls. Sing pretty closing song, march down through the audience tossing bits of candy to the audience.
8. Ends produce red, white and blue umbrellas, others flags, etc. Form tableau. Liberty appears at back. Red fire and patriotic song.
9. Ends sing Hawaiian Song at finale. Hula Hula girls, made up with brown powder and raffia skirts and red roses, come in and dance. Just before curtain, ends dance with the Hula girls.
10. Ten little children, the smaller the better, white, come in in white night-gowns and carrying lighted candles. All sing good-night song. Lights out, curtain down on stage illuminated only by the candles.

**OPENING GAG, CHICKEN STORY**

**INTER.** Jolly, what's this I hear about your being arrested for stealing chickens?



JOLLY. Nothing in it. It was all a mistake. I never stole no chickens. I don't want nothing to do with no chickens. Don't like chicken nohow. Don't even like to hear a hen cackle, and eggs jest naturally make me sick.

INTER. Nevertheless, I have it on good authority that you were up before Squire (*Name.*) on the charge of chicken stealing.

JOLLY. Yessir, boss, dat's a fact. But I wasn't stealing them chickens. No, sah. I was jest projecting round dat night to find a little wood to make me a hen-house. I saw a board in a back yard, and I admits I took the board.

INTER. But they wouldn't arrest you for that, would they?

JOLLY. No, sah. It was jest ma misfortune. There was two roosters and nine hens a-roosting on that board.

INTER. But you didn't steal the chickens?

JOLLY. No, sah, I tells you dat I don't like the word chicken. Ain't got no use for 'em, a-tall.

INTER. Then how about that time Mr. (*Name.*) caught you in his chicken-house?

JOLLY. I was walking in my sleep then. I heerd him coming up to the door and I scrooged down in the shadows. He had a revolver in his hand and he yelled out, "Who's here in my chicken-house?" and I jest lost all of my presence of mind right there. I said, "Ain't nobody here, 'ceptin' us chickens."

INTER. (*comes to him*). I'm afraid you're a bad egg, Jolly.

JOLLY (*rises*). I ain't no egg, a-tall. I don't like eggs. Had a hard luck happen to me last night. Big wind come up and blew the door of my chicken-house open —

INTER. And you lost all your chickens?

JOLLY. Yessir, dey all went back home.

INTER. (*puts hand on his shoulder*). Jolly, you shouldn't steal chickens.

JOLLY. Ain't I saying I wouldn't steal chickens for a fortune? I don't like the flavor of 'em nohow.

INTER. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. (*Shakes him; a hard-boiled egg slips from JOLLY's coat to the floor.*)

JOLLY. Good lordy, how did that thing come in ma pocket? Dat's the first time I ever knowed a nigger to lay eggs.

INTER. There's something suspicious here. (*Opens his coat; a live hen flies down.* JOLLY exits in confusion, chasing the hen.)

### TO INTRODUCE FEATURED COMEDIANS

(*When the First Part is about half over, the INTERLOCUTOR comes down c. and says.*)

INTER. Ladies and gentlemen, no theatrical performance is complete without its stars. I now take the greatest pleasure in introducing the world-famous comedians, Johnny Jones and Billy Brown. (*Chord by orchestra.*) I said that our principal black-faced comedians would now comedede for our gratification. (*Points to R.; all look R. Another chord.*) What's happened back there?

END-MAN (*on the stage*). Johnny and Billy are off somewhere paying an election bet. You see it's this way. Johnny lost and Billy won, and Johnny has to wheel Billy all over town in a wheelbarrow. See, here they come now!

(*Chord by Orchestra.* JOHNNY and BILLY enter, JOHNNY wheeling BILLY in a wheelbarrow. All cheer. JOHNNY is very much exhausted.)

BILLY. Once around again, Johnny.

JOHNNY. Lawsy, man, have a little mercy.

BILLY. Clear around the stage. (*JOHNNY wheels him around the stage.*)

JOHNNY. Now is my day's work ended?

BILLY. One more lap and you're through. (*Repeat business, orchestra playing softly.*)

JOHNNY. Now, is dat all?

BILLY. Yes, time's up.

JOHNNY ( *dumps him on floor at c., then sinks exhausted in barrow*). That's the last time I'll ever vote the Democratic ticket. (*Proceed with gags.*)

**TOAST FOR THE U. S. A.**

The U stands for the Union eternal,  
 The S for the Stripes and the Stars,  
 The A for our Army undefeated,  
 The victor in a dozen wars;  
 The U stands for our Uncle Sammy,  
 The S for our Ships in stern array,  
 The A for the Almighty One who guards us—  
 That's the meaning of U. S. A.

**ELKS' ELEVEN O'CLOCK TOAST**

Look at the clock,  
 'Tis the hour of eleven,  
 Think of those on earth  
 And those in Heaven,  
 Think of our wives,  
 Sweethearts and mothers,  
 Drink in silence  
 To our absent brothers.

**ALPHA TAU OMEGA FRATERNITY TOAST**

Here's to the young Alpha Tau,  
 And the old Alpha Tau,  
 And the Alpha Tau yet to be;  
 To those that are dead,  
 And those unborn;  
 To the whole fraternity!  
 For we're on the path,  
 And we won't get off,  
 Till the old world  
 Is burnt for its sin;  
 Then we'll go up to Heaven  
 And start up again—  
 And rope the best angels in.

## Funny Bits

*(The climax only is told, elaborate to suit your needs.)*

### POLE-CAT

END. Tells story of when he was in France. One night a pole-cat approached the trenches when he was on guard. Seven thousand men asleep, "so I had to smell it all."

SECOND END. Asks what a pole-cat is.

INTER. It's just like a big kitten, only handsomer.

FIRST END. Handsomer?

INTER. Oh, yes, much handsomer.

FIRST END. Well, sah, I always contend dat handsome is as handsome does.

### MOTHER-IN-LAW

INTER. I hardly know what to call my mother-in-law.

TAMBO. Call her down.

INTER. No, no. I dislike to call her mother, for that name is sacred to me, and if I call her Mrs. Brown she thinks it is rather formal. Now, you're a married man, Tambo, how did you get out of the difficulty?

TAMBO. First year I called her (*Savagely.*) Here, you! After that I called her grandma.

## IVORY

**INTER.** It takes five thousand elephants to make the piano keys for the world. Five thousand each year.

**END.** Takes five thousand elephants to make piano keys? Ain't it wonderful what them animals can be trained to do?

## ✓ CLOTHES

**INTER.** You are looking rather sporty this evening, Sam.

**SAM.** I allers look sporty. I's the best dressed high-brown aristocrat in (*Local town*).

**INTER.** You have on a black suit and you have black hair. One's clothing should always match his hair.

**SAM.** Red-headed gal should wear a red dress?

**INTER.** Certainly.

**SAM.** Brown-haired man wear a brown suit?

**INTER.** Exactly.

**SAM.** Gray hair (*etc.*) White hair (*etc.*) (*Laughs.*) I was jest wondering how a bald-headed man would look when he is properly arrayed.

## HARD LUCK

End-man couldn't get married. Drove up to the only preacher in town, but a sign out in front said, "No Hitching Here."

## THE PREACHER

End tells about colored congregation ready to oust their parson because they caught him hugging one of the sisters. He shows them the picture of the Shepherd with a lamb in His arms saying, "What is wrong with the shepherd of this flock having a lamb in *his* arms?" We drafted a resolution reading: Resolved, that for the future peace of the congregation, that the next time Parson Liverlip feels called upon to

take a lamb of the flock in his arms, it is unanimously recommended dat he pick out a ram lamb.

### POETRY

There was a man who loved the bees,  
He always was their friend,  
He used to sit upon their hives,  
But they stung him in the end.

### THE MOON

Why does the moon get full?  
Because it is so near the Dipper.

### THE HERO

You say that you were the only man in your company who came out of the battle alive?

Dat's a fact. I heerd dem bullets comin' right smart round me, but I kept cool; the cannon-balls landed right 'long side of me, I still kept cool; but when I found they was sending gas over, I knew ma rabbit foot couldn't know nothing about that gas, so I kinda looked round. I seen the grand old flag, the red white and blue, flying in the breeze (*Pause.*), and I jest naturally flew, too.

### COLLEGE EDUCATION

#### A Stump Speech

The question of college education is one that has suffered a great bump in the past few years. When we see one of these here hard-boiled mechanics making twelve dollars a day and signing his payroll with a cross mark because he can't write his own name, and then see one of these high school pro-

fessors trying to amble along with a wife and family, white collars and dress suits, meat once a week, and a faculty reception twice a year, trying to make the front end meet the back end on a salary of eighty-five dollars a month, we are obliged to remark, like Patrick Webster of old, "There is something rotten in the State of Denmark!"

It all resolves itself into this, Shall we take our male offspring and fill his brain bin with solid fuel or with a mixture of clinkers and coke and kindling wood? Many a boy has grown to manhood with his forehead all bulged out with botany, and his stomach all caved in from lack of food. A friend of mine graduated from college in three courses, Rough House, Riots and Mutiny, and Mandolin Playing, at an expense of fifteen thousand dollars; and the loss of one eye and three fingers.

Another one, who collected a head full of metaphysics and technics, writes me that he is travelling with a hypnotist, and is in a trance most of the year, so that he doesn't feel the hard times.

Few of us finish what we start in life. One boy graduates in astronomy, gets a good job as a night watchman—and loses it—because he watched the milky way instead of the house, and some one stole the safe. Another studies law for five years, gets a job as a waiter, saves up his money and opens a shoe-store, and then neglects his business to take lessons on a bass fiddle, and finishes up by playing second base on some minor baseball league.

What's the use of starting out loaded for bear and bringing in a field-mouse? In other words, Is the boy who is full of dead languages, ancient history and physic, in it with the one who keeps the wood-box filled and delivers milk on his way to school? I tell you, a young man can learn more in contact with the business end of a bumble bee in five seconds than any book could make him believe in five years. One kick from a mule will develop more caution in a man than a year's study of "Cause and Effect."

You say that science has put the world where it is to-day.

I'll admit that science has done much, but it hasn't done enough. It has given us the mariner's compass, but as yet we have no machine-shops where a bow-legged man can drop in on his way home and get the crook straightened out while he waits. Science has given us steam and electric heat, but we still have to crawl under the house to thaw out frozen water-pipes the same as the Roman senators did two thousand years ago. It has given us grand suspension bridges, but where is the gas or electric meter that registers in favor of the consumer? It has tunnelled a few mountains, but we have found no better way of making baby swallow castor oil than by holding its nose, same as Eve held Cain and Abel's in the beginning. Education may be the father of Highbrows, but necessity is the mother of invention and progress. And as Shakespeare wrote in Longfellow's beautiful drama of *Pilgrim's Progress*, "Many a ragged suit of clothes covers a brain that may build empires!"

And now, my brethren, in order to prevent your pasture from going into bankruptcy, and bringing discredit on the synagogue, I will call upon Doctor Dillpickle Doolittle to put the collection hat in motion, while the choir will enliven us with some of their select slams of David.

## THE COWARD

### A MUSICAL ENCORE

Bill Dawson was a coward. In boyhood days  
 He never joined the kids in their rough plays;  
 The boys all called him sissy and the girls  
 Said he should wear a pinafore and curls.  
 A Texas norther made him shake with fright,  
 A clap of thunder scared him half the night.

A circus came to Galveston one day  
 And all us country kids rode in, so gay—  
 It was the finest sight we'd ever seen.  
 Bill Dawson saw a lion and turned green,



It made him sick, he couldn't see the show,  
But ran and hid—he was a coward, you know.

The years passed on, he married Lizzie Drake.  
He nearly had a fit one day, a snake  
Came in his yard, poor Bill had quite a shock,  
But Lizzie up and killed it with a rock.  
He sorter ambled on through life, you know.  
Bill was a coward, and couldn't make things go.

But there are times when danger comes so near  
That cowards turn heroes in the face of fear;  
And when that awful flood rushed on the town,  
And brave men trembled to see children drown,  
Babes fled from mothers, husbands from their wives,  
Forgetting flesh and blood, fled for their lives!

But Bill the Coward looked on the awful scene,  
Trembling and pale, his face an ashen green,—  
He saw the tumbling waters rushing down—  
He saw the ruined wreckage of the town—  
Did he desert his family, wife and kid  
And leave them there to die? You bet he did!

(NOTES. *Play a light pretty air, or chords, for the first three stanzas. For the last two stanzas play "hurry" music with bass chords and treble runs, working up to the climactic, "And leave them there to die?"—which should be rendered loud and strong. The last four words are given without music, facing the audience directly and speaking clear and loud.*)

**FAWNCY!**

*(Impersonate a lisping dude.)*

Alith and I went walking ovah in Bothton town,  
I in me long Pwint Albert, she in a new Worth gown;  
Alith and I were talking ovah on Bothton town  
Of things intenth and thoulful. I begged her me love to cwown.  
She'd be a bwothah to me, she thaid, but wouldn't be Mitheth  
Bwown.

**PASTORAL**

As I walked among the paths this morning, plucking flowers,  
I found, in the yellow heart of a ladyslipper, a little brown  
bee. My first impulse was to shake him out of his honeyed  
abode, but as I looked at his velvety body and sunlit rainbow  
wings a feeling of foolish tenderness surged over me. Per-  
haps there were baby bees at home that would starve if papa  
bee did not bring back honey; and how useful the little creature  
was, carrying the pollen from flower to flower—so I moved  
on, leaving him unmolested. But even as I turned away,  
thinking these pure sweet thoughts, the damned thing stung  
me.

# Summer Days Opening Number

*(For eight END-MEN and twenty-four (or more) chorus girls.)*

Choose any bright, snappy march. Curtain rises to music, showing empty stage.

1. Play introduction to the March Song. Eight TENNIS GIRLS enter from rear L. They wear sport suits and carry tennis rackets. They march with short steps and sway shoulders as they march down to R. and form a line facing L. from R. corner to R. C.

2. Eight GOLF GIRLS, in golf suits and carrying golf sticks, enter from rear R. and form a similar line down L. All mark time.

3. Eight SUMMER GIRLS, in fluffy dresses, picture hats, large parasols, enter, four from R. and four from L. They come down c. in couples, raise their closed parasols on high and form an arch with them. The tableau now is:



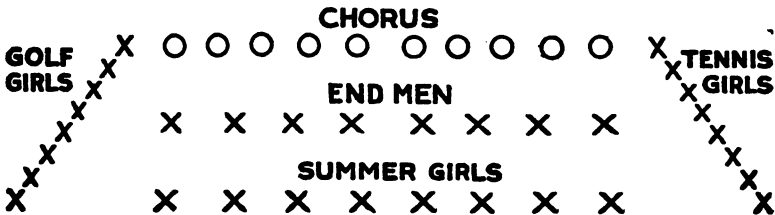
All mark time.

4. Eight **END-MEN** enter, four from rear R. and four from rear L. They form pairs at c. and march down through the arch and line up across the front of the stage. At the same time **SUMMER BOYS**, or **SUMMER GIRLS**, march on and form a line at rear of stage, **END-MEN** and rear line (*designated* **CHORUS**) face audience.

5. All sing the first verse of the song. The **GOLF GIRLS** form an X at L., two facing front, two facing rear, two facing R. and two facing L. They hold golf sticks high in R. hands, all the same height, and revolve while they sing first verse.

6. **TENNIS GIRLS** form a similar X at R. and **SUMMER GIRLS** at c. of stage. The chorus at rear all join hands and take two steps to R., then two back, then two to L., then two back. The **END-MEN** sing directly to the audience, making uniform gestures.

7. For the **CHORUS** the **END-MEN** march, four to L. and four to R., up to rear, meet at rear and come down eight abreast, in the meantime the **SUMMER GIRLS** advance to foot-lights singing the chorus, the **GOLF GIRLS** line up facing rear, **TENNIS GIRLS** the same, they exchange places, all in strict march step. The tableau now is:



8. Repeat chorus. The **SUMMER GIRLS** kneel, open parasols, slide them under their right arms and revolve the open parasols. The **END-MEN** stand immediately back of the **SUMMER GIRLS**, close to them, the **GOLF GIRLS** back of the **END-MEN**, the **TENNIS GIRLS** back of the **GOLF GIRLS**, the **CHORUS** back of the **TENNIS GIRLS**. All bunch close and whistle the chorus.

9. Second Verse. SUMMER GIRLS march around the stage to rear, going to R. END-MEN march around to rear, going to L. Line up at rear in two lines, GIRLS in front. The TENNIS GIRLS line up close to footlights, while the GOLF GIRLS one-step at c. with CHORUS MEN.

10. Last Chorus. All march around the stage, led by the END-MEN, in serpentine fashion. All march to places.

**Part IV**  
**The Afterpiece**





## The Afterpiece

It is a quite common and lamentable error that the afterpiece of a minstrel show is often the weakest part of the program. George M. Cohan's advice to "send them away with a smile" is just as applicable to a minstrel performance as it is to a successful musical comedy. The afterpiece should be carefully selected, thoroughly memorized, neatly costumed and thoroughly rehearsed. Just as much time and labor should be spent on the afterpiece of the show as on the First Part. I recall a very elaborate Minstrel Show that was produced some years ago by the Punch and Judy Club of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn. The First Part was a decided success, the afterpiece was a flat failure—and why? Simply because the Stage Manager of the company played the Interlocutor in the First Part and was not cast in the Afterpiece. He lost interest in the part of the program in which he did not appear, the rehearsals were more or less neglected, and a very well-chosen and well-written afterpiece failed because of lack of proper preparation.

On the other hand, at one time I attended a Minstrel Show given by the B. P. O. E. at Ithaca, N. Y., under the guidance of a professional coach. The First Part was given by the town men and the afterpiece was turned over to the famous Savage Club of Cornell University, who with their customary thoroughness prepared a burlesque on the Balcony Scene of Romeo and Juliet and made the hit of the performance. Why? Because every line was learned exactly as written,



every bit of stage business was thoroughly rehearsed, every chorus movement was gone over again and again until on the night of the show the fifteen "girls" and the fifteen boys made every gesture in unison and every dance-step together, the principals were quick in their patter and the entire sketch moved rapidly without a hitch.

Therefore, my brethren and my sistren, I do beseech thee to pay strict attention to this very important part of your show. Rehearse and rehearse and *rehearse*. Learn every line exactly as it is written. Don't try to introduce business and lines of your own. The author knows exactly the effect of the tout-ensemble, do not try to spoil this effect by unduly stressing unimportant rôles and bits of business. Leave this "hokum" to the six-shows-a-day vaudeville performer. Adding new material to an afterpiece very often spoils the entire sketch.

Every member of the company who appears in the afterpiece should have a book of the play, to study his own lines and business, and to give him a good working idea of the whole performance.

### THE CHOICE OF THE AFTERPIECE

The Committee in Charge should select the afterpiece, acting under the advice of the Stage Manager and Director. Black-face farces are desirable, but not absolutely necessary to end a successful minstrel show. A good, standard, lively farce always goes well; a musical comedy, called "tabloid" in modern stage vernacular, makes a good afterpiece, or a clever pantomime, or burlesque scene of a circus, a side-show, a barber shop, a court of justice, a wedding, a picnic barbecue, a political meeting, a take-off on your local town council, or a burlesque of some local woman's club have served the purpose most admirably.

A certain Shrine organization presents a Minstrel Show each year and for the Second Part (there is no olio) several of the newspaper boys write a musical comedy burlesquing

all the important local events of the year and call it "The Jollies of 1922," or some similar title. The burlesque play that appears in the Fifth Act of Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" makes a dandy Minstrel Afterpiece. I have used it again and again, and it always is a big success. The characters may appear in burnt-cork or in white face and, whisper! the name Shakspeare is a big drawing card with the high brows.

I have written several afterpieces for this book, all of which have been used with great success in all sections of the country. But in order to get results you must prepare, study and rehearse the afterpiece with as much enthusiasm as you spend on your First Part.

### ACTING THE AFTERPIECE

It is a common error to think that the minstrel afterpiece must be rendered in a boisterous, or even violent manner. The fun, while hilarious and lively, need not be uncouth, or replete with slang and vulgar horse-play. The line should be drawn as tensely in Minstrel Shows as in any other kind of amateur performance to avoid jarring the nerves or disgusting the sensibilities of the audience. Read the lines *smartly*, but not boisterously. Delete any gag or action that will offend any one. Be clean and put on a clean show. Leave smut to the scavenger.

When men play female rôles the manager must be very careful to prevent any suggestion of vulgarity on the part of the player. As Jay Quigley once said to a female-impersonator, "Cut the rough stuff, Clarence, and act like a lady, even if you ain't one."

<sup>1</sup> Jay Quigley was the stage manager for Al. G. Fields for many years.

# Gimme Them Peanuts!

## A "Hokum" Afterpiece in Three Scenes

### CHARACTERS

PREVIOUS, *the hungry.*

MONEYPENNY, *the nut.*

GLADYS, *the nurse.*

DINTY, *the crook.*

DUSTY, *the tramp.*

McGINTY, *the cop.*

*(All may be played in blackface, or only PREVIOUS, at the discretion of the manager.)*

### SCENE ONE

SCENE:—*A room neatly furnished. Couch down L. Table and chairs down R. Entrance at L. Practical window at rear. Mysterious music takes up curtain. Dark stage disclosed. DINTY appears at window and flashes light around the stage.*

DINTY. Nobody here. 'Tis well. This will be an easy job. *(Climbs in the window.)* I'll close the doors and turn up the lights.

(PREVIOUS appears at the window. He carries a lighted candle in a bird-cage and a big carpet-bag of burglar tools.)

PREVIOUS. Am this the place?

DIN. Shhh! You mustn't make any noise. You'll arouse the house.

PRE. Then maybe they'll gimme something to eat. Honest, boss, I ain't had nuffin to eat for two days. Ain't had a square meal for two weeks. Ain't had chicken for two years.

DIN. Shhh! Come in, and don't make any noise.

PRE. This here being a burglar certn'y am a hungry business.

(Climbs in at window awkwardly, falls making a big racket.)

DIN. (points revolver at him). Another bit of noise and you'll wake up a corpse.

PRE. (on floor). Gimme that revolver!

DIN. What do you want with the revolver?

PRE. I want to eat it.

DIN. First we must find out where the old man keeps his safe?

PRE. Say, boss, I wants to know just one thing.

DIN. Well?

PRE. Is there anything to eat in that safe?

DIN. No, but there is money, plenty of it, maybe a million dollars, and diamonds.

PRE. I'd rather have a po'k chop and some nice fried onions.

DIN. Here is my jimmy. This little jimmy will do the work.

PRE. Whar is he?

DIN. Who?

PRE. Jimmy.

DIN. Keep still. Don't say a word. Don't move. Don't breathe.

PRE. (gives a long sigh).

DIN. What's that?

PRE. It just slipped out.

DIN. If you make any more noise I'll murder you.

PRE. I tell you it just slipped out. I'm so hungry I can't help it. I feel like my inner tube has got a slow puncture.

DIN. Now I'll turn up the lights. We're all alone.  
(*Lights up.*)

PRE. Let's go out and rob the kitchen.

DIN. No, I'm after the safe. I must use force.

PRE. If I had some Force I'd eat it.

DIN. If you ever expect to be a housebreaker you must learn to keep silent.

PRE. I used to have a brother who was a housebreaker. He ain't now.

DIN. What is he now?

PRE. He's a stonebreaker. He always was crooked.

DIN. Crooked?

PRE. Yup. He's a hunchback.

DIN. If I get at the safe I have the gunpowder all ready. Did you ever use gunpowder?

PRE. Never did. I always use insect powder.

DIN. Now I'm going to look for the safe. You stay here and keep watch.

PRE. If they's any peanuts in dat safe, boss, don't forget li'l Previous.

DIN. (*dramatically*). Move but one step while I am away and I will fill you as full of holes as a Sweitzer cheese. [*Exit.*]

PRE. I certn'y wish I could find a ham sandwich walkin' round in here. I'm so hungry dat if any one said eat to me, every one ob ma six cylinders would backfire. (*Sees bowl of goldfish on table.*) Lawsy, lawsy, look-a there! The good angel's done answered ma prayer. Dey got a fish pond right here on the table. Here's whar I eats. (*Tries to catch fish.*) Come here, dog gone you, come here and lemme catch you. (*MONEYPENNY enters and watches him unobserved.*) I got one. (*Eats it.*) Tastes kinda damp and wetty but it certn'y got a fine flavor. (*NOTE. Make the fish of carrots.*)

MONEYPENNY (*comes down*). Ah, there you are!

PRE. Discovered!

MON. I'm glad you're here.

PRE. Is you?

MON. I've been waiting for you all afternoon.

PRE. Let's have some supper.

MON. Do you know who I am?

PRE. I don't recognize your face, but your manner certn'y am familiar.

MON. To tell you the truth, I am a nut.

PRE. I wish you was a doughnut.

MON. My father was a kernel, and that made me a nut. I just landed here from Brazil. Surely you know my sister.

PRE. Do I?

MON. Her name is Hazel. If they get silk from a silkworm where does the tape come from?

PRE. Man, you cert'ny got a line of fluent conversation.

MON. Do you remember the first time we met?

PRE. I shore do, it was in ———. (*Name near-by town.*)

MON. You took me up in your aeroplane.

PRE. Who did?

MON. Don't you remember? I put the goggles on my eyes and climbed in the car. You started it and we went skimming along the ground, then we rose a thousand feet in the air.

PRE. Dat was some rise.

MON. Now we are skimming along at a great rate. See, there's the moon. Hippity hop, right over the moon!

PRE. Say, we's sure going some, ain't we?

MON. But there's a cow on the track.

PRE. Dat's the cow that jumped over the moon.

MON. Now the brakeman is ringing his bell and we slow down to ninety miles an hour. The conductor and the porter in the Pullman car are playing pinochle in the baggage coach.

PRE. Ain't we up in an airship?

MON. Toot toot, goes the whistle, clang-clang goes the bell!

PRE. We hit that old cow and are blown all to (*Hesitates.*) the bad place!

MON. But my horse is running faster than your horse.

PRE. Your hoss?

MON. He's a bay filly and yours is a chestnut mare.

PRE. Gimme them chestnuts.

MON. We are racing for dear life! Her ears are thrown back and foam covers her nostrils. On we speed, me on my good steed Peanuts!

PRE. Gimme them peanuts!

MON. And there's only one thing that kept me from winning the race.

PRE. Somebody ate the peanuts.

MON. No, something is the matter with the rudder and the ship is veering around.

PRE. Ship? What ship?

MON. The good old bark, Fido.

PRE. Fido is a hot dog now.

MON. A storm is coming up and the waves are rolling high. "Stop! All hands on deck! I am the captain of this craft and I order the ship to lay to!"

PRE. Order it to lay two eggs and gimme one.

MON. There is a mutiny on board and the sailors refuse to take my orders.

PRE. Give your orders to the cook, see if he'll take 'em. I'll order peanuts.

MON. I'm getting seasick.

PRE. It wouldn't do me no good to get seasick. I couldn't get no results.

MON. It always makes me seasick to ride across the desert on a camel.

PRE. Are we on the desert now?

MON. Certainly we are on the desert.

PRE. I'll have some peanut pie for my desert.

MON. Right over there is a date palm, the camels are heading for the date palm.

PRE. I like dates, too.

MON. But there is trouble in the gear-case and the ninety horse-power Ford is slowing down. Was that a puncture?

PRE. Shore was, and I'm the result. (*Showing trousers are much too large.*)

MON. Get out and crank up.

PRE. Crank up what, the camels?

MON. Certainly not, the Fatimas.

PRE. You tell 'em, old crank, you've lost your nut.

MON. Now we're spinning down the boulevard in great shape. We'll get there at last if the gasoline holds out.

PRE. Yes, but my appetite's holdin' out, too.

MON. All the girls are out on the dock watching our motor boat.

PRE. Say, man, you certn'y are a traveller, ain't you?

MON. And now we're at the county fair riding around on the merry-go-round.

PRE. Hold on, boss, I ain't on no merry-go-round.

MON. Where are you?

PRE. I'm driving the bakery wagon down (*Name.*) Street and delivering warm home-made mince pies and peanuts.

(*Enter NURSE.*)

NURSE (*to PREVIOUS*). Oh, you've come at last, have you?

PRE. Yas'm, lady, I've come. He said he'd been waiting for me all afternoon.

NURSE. You are just in time. The first thing you must do is to bathe his temples with cold water.

PRE. I'd much prefer to bathe them with oyster soup.

(*Enter DINTY.*)

DIN. (*seeing others*). Discovered!

NURSE. Who is this man?

PRE. That's my father.

NURSE. Oh, then it's all right. I thought he was a burglar.

DIN. Certainly not. I am his father.

NURSE. And you brought him here to take the position?



DIN. Exactly. He came to take the position.

NURSE. First, I must ask you a few questions. Is your son honest?

PRE. Honest and hungry.

DIN. Certainly, he is honest.

NURSE. Has he had any experience?

DIN. A little.

PRE. I ain't had very much experience in being honest. But I certainly am an experienced eater.

NURSE. He seems strong and capable.

DIN. And he's very good natured.

NURSE. I suppose you saw my advertisement in the morning papers. I said I wanted a good, strong boy to take care of an invalid.

DIN. He's strong, all right.

NURSE. Yes, I noticed that the minute I came into the room.

DIN. Well, I think I'll go now. My boy gets the job, does he?

NURSE. I'll try him out.

DIN. Very well. You may send his wages to me. Mr. Dynamite Dinty, General Delivery. I'll get 'em.

PRE. Yes'm, he'll get 'em. He always gets everything. I don't even get my eatings.

DIN. Good-evening. (*Goes to door.*)

NURSE. Good-evening, sir.

DIN. Maybe I'll drop in later.

[*Exits.*]

NURSE. Now, boy, what's your name?

PRE. My name's Previous.

NURSE. Previous what?

PRE. Previous Difficulties.

NURSE. I think you had better take Mr. Moneypenny out for a little evening walk.

PRE. After supper.

NURSE. No, you shall have your supper when you get back.

PRE. If I don't have some supper I'll never get back.

NURSE. Oh, that's all right. Eating isn't everything.

PRE. No'm, lady, but it shore is important once in a while.

NURSE. Now above all things you must humor Mr. Moneypenny.

PRE. Humor him? What with?

NURSE. Whatever he wants you to do you must do it.

PRE. I hope he'll want me to eat.

NURSE. You understand (*Touches forehead.*) he's just a little eccentric.

PRE. He ain't crazy, is he?

NURSE. Certainly not. He has too much money to be crazy. He's just a little eccentric, that's all. I'll leave him in your care while I prepare his Oz-o-ka-loosum. [*Exit.*]

PRE. Say, prepare me some of that Ozo-kaloo-sum too. I like mine fried. Bring me some peanuts, too.

MON. (*coming down*). And now for the shining adventure.

PRE. (*c., a little up-stage*). He ain't crazy, he's just eccentric.

MON. You must be very careful with me, boy, very careful. For I'm all made of glass.

PRE. (*looks at him curiously*).

MON. And you mustn't take me into the sunshine.

PRE. No, he ain't crazy, he's just eccentric.

MON. A transformation has taken place in me. I have been changed into a piece of glass. My head is cracked.

PRE. You tell 'em, old liberty bell, you're cracked clean through.

MON. Folks can see right through me.

PRE. Yas, and if I don't get sump'm to eat pretty soon, folks kin see right through me, too.

MON. In the first place we must go out.

PRE. In the first place we must eat.

MON. We must buy some peanuts.

PRE. Now you's talking.

MON. You see my old grandfather died from peanuts.

PRE. What did he do? Have peanuts on the brain?

MON. No, he was very ill and the doctors refused to let him have any solid food for days and days and days. Finally he eluded them and ate five dollars' worth of peanuts, and he died.

PRE. Oh, death, where is thy sting? If I had five dollars' worth of peanuts I'd take a chance.

MON. And he left me all his money on one condition.

PRE. Peanuts.

MON. Precisely. Once every year on grandpa's birthday I must go out to the graveyard on the stroke of midnight and place a large sack of peanuts on his grave.

PRE. And what becomes of them peanuts?

MON. He eats them.

PRE. Who eats 'em?

MON. My grandfather. He comes right up out of his grave and eats them.

PRE. (*to audience*). No, he ain't crazy, he's just eccentric.

MON. You mustn't tell the nurse.

PRE. I won't tell her a word.

MON. Then we'll sneak out and buy some peanuts. (*Getting loud.*) We'll buy sacks of peanuts, bushels of peanuts, oceans and oceans full of peanuts.

PRE. (*boldly*). Go ahead, go as far as you like.

MON. (*dancing around and yelling*). Nothing like peanuts, peanuts. (*Sings.*) Peanuts for my grandpa's grave.

(*Enter NURSE with glass of milk.*)

NURSE. Here, here, here. Calm down. Take a sip of this. (*Gives him sip of milk.*)

PRE. He was just going to buy some peanuts when dat fool girl had to go and break up ma refreshments.

NURSE (*puts milk on table*). If he gets excited again give him some more of the Ozo-kaloo-zum. [*Exits.*]

MON. Oh, look at the baywindows.

PRE. Hush, old baywindows.

MON. They're all dirty. Shame on you, you forgot to wash the baywindows.

PRE. (*at table*). What'll I wash 'em with? Ozo-kaloo-zum?

MON. Certainly not. The baywindows should always be washed with bay-rum.

PRE. Looks like milk. (*Tastes.*) Tastes like milk. (*Drinks all.*) By golly, it is milk.

MON. Ah, there is Ethel. Don't you know me, Ethel? Speak to me! Speak to your Moneypenny. She doesn't know me, because I have a collar on. Where is my Ozo-kaloo-zum?

PRE. I done drank your old Ozo-kaloo-zum.

MON. Drank it? Then you are poisoned, poisoned!

PRE. Who is?

MON. You are. Any sane man who drinks Ozo-kaloo-zum dies in three minutes.

(PREVIOUS *looks astonished, then commences to squirm and jerk, then has big burlesque fit and falls to stage.*)

MON. You are dying, you are dead. Ah, ha, I have killed him. (*Goes to PREVIOUS, puts foot on his stomach.*) The world is mine.

PRE. (*squirts up a mouthful of milk*). Get off the earth.

(*Close in with street drop.*)

## SCENE TWO

SCENE:—*A street in one.*

(*Tramp quartet enters and sings popular quartet number.*)

DIN. (*outside*). Hello, there!

DUSTY (*one of the tramps*). Who's there?

DIN. It's Dinty.

DUS. (*to other tramps*). It's Dynamite Dinty, just back from a lay.

(*Enter DINTY carrying a long white robe.*)

DIN. Hello, pards.

DUS. Hello, Dinty, what luck?

DIN. Not a thing but this. (*Holds up robe.*) I got it from a clothesline.

DUS. Where's Previous?

DIN. We got caught in a house and I told them Previous had come in answer to their advertisement for a hired man.

(*TRAMPS all laugh.*)

DUS. He's some hired man.

DIN. Got anything to eat?

DUS. Sure. Got it all hidden down in the graveyard. We're going to have supper served right away, my lord.

DIN. In the graveyard?

DUS. Sure. Safest place in the world. Who ever heard of a bull in a graveyard?

DIN. I don't like graveyards.

DUS. The dead can't hurt you and all other folks is too scared to come there. Come on, Dinty, and join us. We've got a chicken and everything.

(*All go out singing some popular quartet number.*)

MON. (*enters*). Come along, Previous.

PRE. (*outside*). I'm a-coming, but I jest naturally don't like to hurry.

MON. I believe you are afraid.

PRE. (*enters*). No, I ain't, I'm jes' hungry, that's all.

MON. It's just a few blocks farther on. If we get lost we can ask the way from Samuel.

PRE. What Samuel?

MON. Why, don't you know Samuel? There he is.

PRE. Whar is he?

MON. (*pretends to speak to some one, shaking hands, etc.*). Good-evening, Samuel. It's been a long time since I've seen you.

PRE. 'Deed it has. I isn't seen you yet.

MON. How's the wife and all the little Samuels?

PRE. By golly, Samuel's got a whole family.

MON. I just stopped you to ask you the way to the graveyard. Oh, it's over there, you say. Very well, come along, Sadie. (*To PREVIOUS.*)

PRE. Who you callin' Sadie?

MON. Why, you. Aren't you my little pet dog, Sadie?

PRE. Dog if I know.

MON. (*patting his head*). Nice little Sadie! (*PREVIOUS backs away.*) Fie, fie, Sadie, would you flee from me?

PRE. 'Course I'd flee, I'm jest full of fleas. Sadie's got the fleas.

MON. Come on, then, we're off to the graveyard. It's nearly midnight.

PRE. Sadie's done decided dat she don't want no graveyard at midnight.

MON. Are you afraid?

PRE. No, sah, I'm jest cautious, dat's all.

MON. The dead can't hurt you.

PRE. You bet your life dey can't, kase dey ain' gwine kotch me.

MON. I've got to put the peanuts on my grandfather's grave.

PRE. You go on and put 'em on your own self.

MON. (*pulls him off*). Nonsense, don't be a coward. Nothing is going to hurt you. (*They go out at L.*)

### SCENE THREE

SCENE:—*A graveyard, full stage. Wood wings and background. Set several white boards around stage for tombstones. Box painted white is at c., a little up-stage.*

(*DINTY, DUSTY and TRAMPS are discovered sitting on the floor, down c., eating.*)

DIN. No use talking, I don't like graveyards.

DUS. We're going down to the railroad yard now and find a nice soft bed in a freight car. You want to come with us?

DIN. Not me. I'm going to wait till long toward morning, then I'm going back to the house where I left Previous. He'll let me in and we'll make a big haul. I'll wait around here till it's time.

DUS. (*rises*). Come on, fellows, I'd ruther have a good sleep than rob the First National Bank. (*Starts off.*)

DIN. No one will see me here. I'll just slip on this robe that I stole and if any one *does* come through the graveyard and sees me, they'll get the scare of their lives. I swiped this automobile honker, and that will help, too.

DUS. (*helps him put it on*). You look like an old woman.

DIN. Or an old woman's ghost.

DUS. There's some one coming that way, we'll go this way. You'd better duck, Dinty, some one is walking down the road. Come on, fellows. [*Exit TRAMPS at L.*]

DIN. Then it's me for the tombstone. (*Hides back of box.*)

MON. (*off R.*). Come along, boy, don't be so skeery.

(*Enter from R.*)

PRE. (*following him*). Say, man, why didn't you have your grandpaw buried some place up-town where the lights are lit?

MON. That's my grandfather's tomb. (*Points to box.*)

PRE. Um, boss, I jest naturally feels dat dis place ain't healthy.

MON. Of course it is. See, there's a policeman.

PRE. What is he?

MON. Coming right down the road.

PRE. You certainly does see the most curious things.

MON. Now we'll put the peanuts on the tombstone just as the clock strikes twelve.

PRE. When de clock strikes twelve I won't be here, I'll strike for home.

MON. Bless my soul, I've forgotten the peanuts.

PRE. We don't need no peanuts. All we needs is our good old fireside.

MON. Nonsense. I must get the peanuts. You stay here and guard the tomb while I go back and get the peanuts.

PRE. Me stay here?

MON. Certainly.

PRE. Who's going to protect me?

MON. Oh, grandpaw will protect you.

PRE. I'll bet grandpaw will have to run some, if he do.

MON. And there's the policeman. He'll protect you.

PRE. You's alla time seeing policemen and things.

MON. There he comes; don't you see him?

PRE. No, I don't see him. Is his name Samuel?

MON: I don't know what his name is. What is your name, officer?

(MCGINTY *has entered and stands behind* PREVIOUS.)

MCGINTY. Me name's McGinty.

PRE. Fo' Gawd's sakes! (*Seeing* MCGINTY *for the first time.*)

MON. There's a five dollar bill for you, officer. My friend here is just a little scared and I want you to keep an eye on him.

McG. I'll kape both eyes on him.

MON. You know me, don't you, officer?

McG. Sure. You're the nutty Mr. Moneyppenny.

MON. Then just come along with me till I buy the peanuts.

PRE. You got to humor him. He ain't crazy, he's just eccentric.

McG. Very well, sor. I'll go with you. Come along.

PRE. I'll come along, too.

MON. You will not. You'll stay here and guard my grandpaw's tomb. Come along, officer. (*They go out.*)

PRE. Mighty spooker-iferous round yere, I shore am. They say this old grabeyard is haunted by the ghost ob a yal-



ler hound dawg dat comes prowlin' round every night jes' about this time. I ain't afraid ob no hound dawg ghosts, pooh, li'l' thing like dat can't scare Previous Difficulties. I'm a brave man, I am.

(DINTY *groans.*)

PRE. No, I ain't, I was jes' a-foolin'. I ain' brave a-tall. Pshaw, dat's jes' de night wind. I ain' gwine let no night-wind skeer me. (*Goes to box.*) I'm jes' gwine sot yere on grandpaw's tomb and wait for old Mr. Nut.

(DINTY *honks auto honk.*)

PRE. (*falls from box to stage*). Oh, good Mr. Ghost, I didn't do it. I's jest a pore li'l' black orphan boy wif one mother and one father; please go on back in your grave and lemme alone.

(*Enter MONEYPENNY.*)

MON. Why, Previous, what's the matter?

PRE. I seen him, boss. I shore did see your old grandpaw.

MON. What did he look like?

PRE. Great big long ears, 'bout a mile an' a half long, and a tail. Um-um!

MON. He came up after his peanuts.

PRE. Gimme dem peanuts.

MON. No, no, these are for grandpaw.

PRE. He ain't no hungrier than I is. Give her, I say. Your peanuts or your life. Gimme dem peanuts.

MON. Help, help, police!

(*Enter MCGINTY.*)

McG. Who calls the police?

MON. He stole my peanuts.

McG. Gimme them peanuts.

PRE. I didn't steal 'em, I only jest borrowed 'em.

McG. (*louder*). Gimme them peanuts. (*Takes them and eats.*)

MON. Here, here, officer, those are for my dead and gone grandpaw. Gimme them peanuts, or I shall report you to headquarters. (*Takes peanuts.*)

McG. Then don't expect me to help you when you get in trouble. Now see here, you! Don't you bother me any more. [*Exits.*]

MON. Has he gone?

PRE. Yassir, he's gone.

MON. Wasn't he a rude person?

PRE. He was most unladylike.

MON. He thought I had a gun, but I didn't.

PRE. Ain't you got no gun?

MON. Certainly not.

PRE. (*loudly*). Then gimme them peanuts.

MON. No, no. (*Starts to run.*)

PRE. (*chasing him around the tombstones*). Gimme them peanuts.

MON. Help, help! (*PREVIOUS grabs peanuts and MONEY-PENNY runs out.*)

PRE. Thank de Lawd I'm goin' to git sump'm to eat at last. (*Sits on box.*) Peanuts, you certainly look good to me.

DIN. (*concealed, speaks softly in a ghostly voice*). Gimme them peanuts.

PRE. What's dat?

DIN. (*louder*). Gimme them peanuts.

PRE. My Lawd, he's done come after 'em.

DIN. (*honks horn and jumps at PREVIOUS, who screams and falls on his knees*). Gimme them peanuts.

PRE. Help, murder, fire, police, police!

(*Enter MONEYPENNY and MCGINTY.*)

MON. It's grandpaw's ghost.

McG. (*grabs DINTY*). It's Dynamite Dinty, the crook. Come on you! (*Drags him to R.*)

**PRE.** Wait a minute. Ghost, gimme dem peanuts.

**McG.** There's a reward of five hundred dollars for the capture of Dinty. Boy, I'll split it with you.

**PRE.** (*on box, eating peanuts*). Don't bother me. I ain't got no time for no reward. All I wants is jes' to sit here with good old Mr. Moneypenny on his grandfather's tomb and eat — (MONEYPENNY *takes peanuts.*) Here, gimme them peanuts!

## QUICK CURTAIN

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# Way Down South in Dixie

## A Minstrel Afterpiece

### CHARACTERS

OLE UNCLE OBIE, *aged 85.*  
OLE MAMMY JINNY, *his wife.*  
SASSAFRASS RIGGER, *their grandson.*  
MA'Y JANE, *his sister.*  
CHORUS OF COTTON PICKERS.

**SETTING:**—*A cotton plantation. Cotton field at back, bushes with balls of cotton attached. Log cabin down L. Old rail fence across stage at rear. Wood wings. Old-fashioned well down R. CHORUS, men, women and children, black, brown and yellow, discovered picking cotton or loafing around stage. White flood light on the scene. Chorus of "Swanee River" by orchestra takes up the curtain.*

**ALL** (*sing without orchestra*).

In the evening by the moonlight,  
You can hear the darkies singing;  
In the evening by the moonlight,  
You can hear the banjos ringing—  
How the old folks do enjoy it,  
They just sit all night and listen,  
As we sing in the evening by the moonlight.

(*Old-time fiddler plays an old-fashioned dance. All dance Virginia Reel, shouting and clapping hands, cutting capers, jumping high, etc. An old-fashioned quadrille may be substituted but the dance should not last more than five minutes, including solo jigs.*)

(*Enter MAMMY JINNY from the cabin.*)

MAMMY. Yere, yere, what you all doin' dancin' out yere when dere's all dat cotton to be picked? How you think it's gwine be picked, hay? .

BOY. Oh, there's plenty of time for that, Mammy Jinny.

MAMMY. You hesh yo' mouth, Epsom Salts. You alla time talkin' too much. I don't allow no dancin' out yere in front ob ma cabin nohow, kase I's a Mefodist bawn and a Mefodist bred, and dese yere foot movements fail to coincide wif my religious prognostications. You all better be singin' de hymnals ob de church, 'stid ob temptin' de debil by hopping around like a bullfrog on a hot stove.

BOY. Sing us one of dem church hymnals, Mammy Jinny.

MAMMY. 'Course I will. It might help your religious superbilities if you year some good old jubilee singin'. Come on yere and gedder round me while I lifts ma voice in praise.

(*JUBILEE SINGING by the entire company. Suggested arrangement.*)

(a) "*Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*"—*Mammy and Chorus.*

(b) "*Roll, Jordan, Roll*"—*Bass solo.*

(c) "*Mary, Don't You Weep, Don't You Mourn*"—*Sopranos and Altos.*

(d) "*Jordan am a Hard Road to Trabbel*"—*Bass and Tenor.*

(e) "*De Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane*"—*Mixed Quartet.*

(f) "*Massa's in de Col' Col' Ground*"—*Solo and Chorus.*

(g) "*Down Mobile*"—*All.*

*(During the singing they pick cotton and fill baskets. At end all walk slowly out at R., carrying baskets on their heads. Pause.)*

*(OLD UNCLE OBIE hobbles on from rear L.)*

OBIE. Bless de Lawd, here I is, after forty years, right back at de old home, whar I was born and raised, and jist as pore as de day when I runned away to try to make a little fortune for my old Jinny and de chilluns. Forty years ago! Dem chilluns must be grown up right smart now. *(Looks around.)* And dere ain't no more change in de old place dan dere is in my pocketbook. Only I spect dere's a new landlord in de house by dis time, and my old wife Jinny's done dead and buried away in de li'l' nigga buryin' ground back ob de watermelon patch. If she's kep' herself alive all dese years, I reckon she's done forgot her pore old man Obie. *(Weeps.)* I wouldn't deserve no better dan to deserve her forgetfulness, de way I went away. But I thought I was gwine to make my fortune out west, but yere I is, and jest as pore as de day I left home. Dere's de old cabin, and de old cotton patch, and de old well—everything is jest like it used to be. How I gwine to approach de old place? If my wife Jinny is alive she'll think I'm a ghost come back from de grave to hant her, and she's liable to drop off in de high-strikes. I better sing dat old-time song to her, and if she is still in the land of the living, I know she'll recognize my vocality.

SONG: "Old Black Joe."

*(CHORUS sing accompaniment back of scenes.)*

OBIE *(at end of the song)*. She don't year me, she's done gone and died while I's been wandering fer forty years. My old wife Jinny is no more and there ain't nobody cares nuffin about pore ole Uncle Obie. *(Weeps.)* De little ole cabin is dark and deserted and my heart am sad and weary. *(Kneels and buries his face in his hands.)* All my old friends am gone

and my faithful wife Jinny's gone, and ole Uncle Obie is lef' all alone, all alone.

(*Enter SASSAFRASS hurriedly from cabin; he almost runs into OBIE without seeing him.*)

SASS. Looka yere, nigga, what you doin' out yere in our cotton patch kneelin' down and sayin' your prayers? Dis ain' no church.

OBIE. 'Scuse me, young gen'man, 'scuse me. I was jes' a-tyin' my shoe, dat's all. (*Rises with difficulty.*)

SASS. How come you want to come round 'spectable people's cotton patches a-tyin' your shoes? Why don't you tie your ole shoes out in de middle ob de road?

OBIE. Don' be hard on a pore old man, young gen'man, dat's walked all de way over the rough roads clean from Californy, to come back yere to de old home whar de possum and de hominy grows side by side wid de sweet-potato custard pie. Ummm! (*Smacks his lips.*)

SASS. Did you walk all de way yere from Californy?

OBIE. Yas, sah.

SASS. Deed-an-deed! You must be tired, ain't you?

OBIE. Yas, boy. My pore old bones is a-weary, but I isn't got many mo' miles to go. I is back yere to stay forever until I is called away to de Promised Land. And it won't be long now, son, it won't be long.

MAMMY (*in house*). Rigger, Rigger, whar is you?

SASS. and OBIE. Yere I is. (*They stop and look at each other.*)

OBIE. Somebody done called me.

SASS. Somebody done called me!

MAMMY (*in house*). You Rigger, come on yere in dis house and help me wif dis yere suppah.

SASS. and OBIE (*start for house*). I's comin'. (*They stop and look at each other.*)

OBIE. You yeerd her call me, didn't you?

SASS. Go on back there, old man. How come you think she called you?

OBIE. She called me by my 'titlements. Didn't she say Rigger?

SASS. Dat's ma name, Rigger. I tell you she's callin' me.

OBIE. Dat's my name, too.

SASS. Go way, black man. Dere ain' no other Rigger in dese parts 'ceptin' me. My name is Obie Sassafrass Ephraham Jefferson Henry Clay Rigger, and dere ain't no more of us in de land of de living. (*Goes in cabin and slams door.*)

OBIE. What's dat he say? Obie Sassafrass Ephraham Jefferson Henry Clay Rigger? Wha's dat fool nigga mean? Dem's my names and my proper 'titlements. He ain't me, Gawd knows. And I's been gone forty years come next grass, so he can't be no pickaninny ob mine. I wonder is I been conjured and split up in two parts—half ob me young Obie Sassafrass Rigger like I was forty years ago, and half ob me pore ole Uncle Obie, like I is now? De Lawd help me, maybe de debble's done split me up in sections.

(*Enter MA'Y JANE from rear R. She crosses to cabin door. OBIE stops her.*)

OBIE. 'Scuse me, young lady, is you in a hurry?

MA'Y. Yassir, I is.

OBIE. Whar you gwine?

MA'Y. I ain't gwine no place. I done been whar I's gwine.

OBIE. And whar's dat, if I may be so presumptuous?

MA'Y. I's done been over yander in de cornfield to call de boys and gals in to supper. Ma grandmammy done sent me.

OBIE. Afore you goes in de house, lady, will you do me a flavor?

MA'Y. What you want me to do?

OBIE. Jes' tell me, old Uncle Obie, who is I?

MA'Y. Who is you? How I know who you is?

OBIE (*sniffs*). What's dat I smells cookin'?

MA'Y. Specs you smell baked possum.

OBIE. Baked possum?

MA'Y. And pork chops and brown graby. Baked yams and cornbread. Fried onions and sweet potato pie.



OBIE. Good Lawd! Lady, speak slow, speak slow, and lemme git all de flavors.

MAMMY (*in the house*). Ma'y Jane, Ma'y Jane, where is you?

MA'Y. Yere I is, Granny.

MAMMY. You Ma'y Jane Jefferson Henry Clay Rigger, come on in dis yere house.

MA'Y. Yas'm, I'm coming. [*Exits in cabin.*]

OBIE. What's dat? What she say? Jefferson Henry Clay Rigger? Good kingdom come! I shore am perplexified. De conjure's done put petticoats on half ob me now for shore. I can't stand dis yere excitement no longer. I'm gwine right up to ma old cabin door and declare maself. I'm gwine right in dat house and find out how many of me dere is round yere. (*Knocks. MAMMY opens the door.*) I hopes you'll excuse me, lady, but — (*Comes down a little and speaks to audience.*) Golly! dat can't be Jinny.

MAMMY (*to audience*). If I'd been to one ob dese yere Spiritualistic meetings and dey called up my old man Obie to respon', and dat nigga was to appear on the scene, I'd swear on the Book dat he was my daid and gone husband.

OBIE. Will you jes' be so good, old lady, as to 'lighten my imagination, and tell me who you is?

MAMMY. Ma name is Jinny, sah. Jinny Jefferson Henry Clay Rigger!

OBIE (*petrified, draws in breath, wiggles, then speaks after a pause*). Please, lady, tell me your 'titlements again.

MAMMY. I said ma name was Jinny Jefferson Henry Clay Rigger.

(*OBIE advances to her slowly, tremblingly, slowly touches her cheek, gives a glad yell and clasps her in his arms.*)

MAMMY. Go way from yere, go way from yere, man. Don't squeeze de breath ob life outa ma body till you tells me who you is. (*Pushes him off.*) Lemme go, man. I 'clar to goodness I ain't been so enveloped since ma ole man went away to Californy forty years ago.

OBIE. Jinny! Jinny, don't you know your ole Obie no mo'?

MAMMY. Go 'way, black man. You ain' ma Obie.

OBIE. Yas, I is. Gospel truth.

MAMMY. How you gwine to prove de alibi?

OBIE. I knowed you, baby, jes' as soon as I seen your nose.

MAMMY. If you's my Obie, come yere. You used to hab a strawberry mark behind your left ear. (*Looks.*) Bless Gawd, it's dere. Dere's a whole crop ob strawberries there now. De day ob Jubilee is come at last! Obie, come to your old Jinny's arms. (*Embrace.*) After forty years, after forty years. (*Cries on his shoulder.*)

OBIE. Dat's all right, honey. Don't you take on, don't ye. De ole man's done come home at last.

MAMMY. Chillun, chillun, come in yere.

(*Enter ALL.*)

OBIE. Who's all dese yere people, Jinny? I swear dey ain' mine.

MAMMY. Dey's ours, honey. Our chilluns and our grandchilluns. Folkses, dis is the happiest day of ma experience. Ma old man, Obie, dat I thought was dead and gone dese thirty years, has done come home again. De man dat I mourned for daid has come back to the land of the livin'.

OBIE (*sniffs*). Seems like I smell possum, Jinny, honey. Dat possum's got de same old smell.

MAMMY. Yas, but it ain't de same old possum. Do it smell natural?

OBIE. Baby, it smells so natural dat I wouldn't lose ma sense ob smell for 'leven thousand pounds o' tobaccer.

MAMMY. Shout, chillun, shout and sing, kase de day ob Jubilee has come at last.

(*SONG and DANCE ending.*)

CURTAIN

# A Syncopated Afterpiece in One Act

## THE COONTOWN MILLIONAIRE

### CHARACTERS

GENERAL PILL PREVIOUS, *the Coontown millionaire.*

TEDDY HIGHBROWN, *a high-brown aviator.*

LUCIUS HAMM, *the black ragman.*

OFFICER HUNKS, *a cullud policeman.*

LADY QUEENA SHEEBA PREVIOUS, *a social leader.*

PERFUMERY PREVIOUS, *the belle of Coontown.*

LILIAN, *a black French maid.*

HIGH-BROWN BEAUX and BELLES.

### ACT ONE

SCENE.—*A fancy parlor. Doors R. and L.; Fancy door c.; Window at rear, practical; Screen L. c.; Fancy table R.; Sofa R.; Chairs to dress the stage. Make the scene as fancy as possible.*

*(Opening Chorus.)*

*(OPENING CHORUS by HIGH-BROWN BEAUX and BELLES in elaborate evening clothes, not burlesque. Choose two or three popular songs and sing the choruses of them, with dance steps, etc. At end all dance off at R. Enter*

LADY PREVIOUS *and* PERFUMERY, *the latter carrying a pink letter.*)

LADY PREVIOUS. So he's asked you to marry him, has he? (*Coming down c.*)

PERFUMERY. 'Deed he has, and I'm the happiest girl in all Coontown.

LADY. Seems to me that a week's a mighty short time to know a man you intends to marry. Looks like it's kinda spasmodic to me.

PER. The first time he asked me I told him no.

LADY. What did you tell him the second time? (*Door-bell rings.*)

PER. I told him he'd have to see my pa-paw.

LADY. Dat's right. Don't you go flying in the face ob your pa-paw, kase this yere Teddy Highbrown is only a aviator and your pa-paw is a millionaire. (*Door-bell rings louder.*)

PER. Somebody is at the door.

LADY. I wonder how come dat Lilian don't answer the bell. (*Yells.*) Lilian!

PER. (*looks to L.*). Here she comes now.

(*Enter LILIAN from L.*)

LILIAN. Excuse me for butting in, but is you-all home?

LADY (*at c., loftily*). Who is it dat's inquiring?

LIL. (*at L.*). Mistah Highbrown.

LADY. We is.

LIL. (*yells out at L.*). Dey is.

LADY. Right now I'm gwine find out what am de expectations ob dis yere high-brown aviator.

(*Enter TEDDY HIGHBROWN from L. He crosses languidly to LADY PREVIOUS and gives her a high hand-shake.*)

LIL. (*watching them from down L.*). Well, wrap me up in a satin robe, dat man is too luxuriant to live. [*Exits at L.*]

TED. Lady Queena Sheeba, I trust you is feeling exuberant dis mawnin'.

LADY. Oh, fluently, fluently. I hope you is sagashiating in right good health?

TED. Absotively. (*Crosses to PERFUMERY and shakes hands with her.*) Miss Perfumery, you see before you your obedient slave. (*Kisses her hand.*)

LADY (*who has crossed down L.*). Here, back up, boy; back up. Don't you be gettin' so familiarity with ma daughter. Remember, her pa-paw is a millionaire.

TED. Lady, believe me, dat's one thing dat I don't ever forget.

PER. Ma-maw, Mistah Highbrown wants to escort us over to the flower show.

LADY. I'd be most contaminated to accept your kind invitation, Mistah Highbrown. Perfumery, please have the consumption to put on your new peach-blow hat. I'm delighted to go to the flower show, Mistah Highbrown, kase I hears de flowers am the most odious dat was ever growed.

TED. That might be for this country, Lady Queenie Sheeba, but they ain't one, two, three with the flowers of France.

LADY. How come dey ain't?

TED. Dey don't grow as fast. Why, over there I went to a flower show and it was such a big affair that when we entered the flowers were in bud and when we came around to the entrance again the flowers were in bloom.

LADY. Man, them certainly was some flowers.

TED. Why, over in France we have a rose that on a warm summer day you can smell its fragrance for a quarter of a mile. It's called the France rose.

LADY. Dat's nothing, a-tall. Right here we got some plant, a wonderful rose, and on a hot day you can smell 'em for two miles. They're called the neg-roes.

TED. But this country ain't so hot as France. Why, over there I saw a dog chasing a rabbit in the woods and it was so hot dat both of 'em was walking.

LADY. Dat's nothing a-tall. Over here it was so hot last summer dat I see a dog chasing a rabbit, and it was so dog-goned hot dat dey was both setting down.

TED. And we has cold weather in France, too. Last winter it was so cold dat when I milked a cow I had to build a fire under her to keep her from freezing to death.

LADY. Yas, and over here it was so cold last winter dat the thermometer got de pneumonia.

TED. Will the General go with us to the flower show?

LADY. Lawsy, I done forgot about ma husband. You-all children run along to the show and me and Pill will follow you in de 'lectrical limozeen.

PER. (*to TED.*). You see pa-paw arrived home late last night and he hasn't made his appearance yet this morning. We'll see him at lunch.

LADY. My daughter Perfumery sure said a mouthful, Mistah Highbrown. You-all run along now and we'll see you at lunch.

TED. (*goes to LADY.*). Madame, que voulez-vous, parles vous Francais, avec pomme-de-terre. (*Kisses her hand.*)

LADY. Man, I dunno what you said but your actions certainly do touch my heart. Over the river, peacherino, spaghetti tomattus, au gratin! (*Bows.*)

TED. Then we shall meet at lunch.

[*Exit L. with PERFUMERY.*]

LADY (*crossing down R.*). Ever since dat coon went over to France to fight he certainly has got ambitious. But if my little daughter Perfumery loves him she's got to have him, no matter what her pa-paw says. (*Loud crash outside at L.*) Dat must be her pa-paw now.

PILL (*outside*). Never mind, Lilian. Keep it up, keep it up.

(*PILL enters from L., walking backward in his shirt sleeves, making violent mesmeric passes at LILIAN, who follows as in a trance, carrying an empty tray.*)

LADY. Lilian, what's dat you busted?

PILL. Shhh! Don't disturb the patient. She's in a trance. I got her just where I want her.

LADY. You better turn her loose. She's liable to die when she looks like dat.

PILL. She's under my control. Lilian, hold up your right arm. (*She does.*)

LADY (*down R.*). Ain't dat wonderful!

PILL. Now your left foot. (*She does.*)

LADY. Ain't dat marvellous!

PILL. Now your left arm. (*She does.*)

LADY. Ain't dat majestic!

PILL. Now your other foot.

LADY. Here, here, man, you is going too far.

PILL. Lilian, come to. (*Snaps fingers.*)

LADY. She don't come to.

PILL. Come to! Come to! (*Snaps fingers.*)

LADY. You can't wake her up.

PILL (*snaps*). Come a seven, come a 'leven.

LIL. (*wakes*). Shoot you for two bits kase my daddy needs a new pair socks.

PILL. That woke her up.

LIL. (*looks at tray*). Lawsy, I done busted de coffee-pot and four cups an' sassers.

PILL. Never mind, Lilian. I'll buy you another sasser and four coffee-pots and cups. Kase I'm a millionaire. Dat's all, gal. You may go.

LIL. Man, don't you come 'round here hip-hip-hypnotizin' me no more. Kase I don't like it. You know, Lady Queenie Sheeba, dat man might kiss me when I was hypnotized, and den I'd stay in a transom forever. (*Goes to door at L.*) You come a-messin' round with me and I gwine cut you with ma razzar, and when I cuts, I cuts deep. [*Exit at L.*]

LADY. Now you looka here, General Pill Previous, de next time you wants hypnotize any ladies ob de fair sex, you wants to start with me, your lawful wedded wife.

PILL. Impossible, Queenie, I can't control you. I needs good-lookin' young girls.

LADY. How come you do?

PILL. Kase dey is more susceptible, dat's how come.

LADY. Looka here, General Pill Previous, I wants you to know dat I is jest as susceptible as any one. Where you goin' all dressed up without no coat and no collar?

PILL. I'm aimin' to go down to the ocean for a little dip in the surf.

LADY. Yas, and I'm aimin' to hab you excort me to the flower show.

PILL. Dat's jis' what I'm aimin' to do, right after I takes ma usual morning plunge. I wonder is Lilian put a new clean towel in ma marble bath-house?

LADY. I put it there maself with my own fair hands.

PILL. Den, honey, poor la pray-song, tong adoo, toot sweet, as dey say in Dutch. [Exit at c.]

*(Specialty may be introduced by LADY and CHORUS.)*

LADY. Lilian, Lilian, whar you at?

LIL. *(outside at L.)*. Yere I is.

LADY. Well, come in yere.

*(Enter LILIAN from L.)*

LIL. Ain't you got nothin' to do but to go round alla time yellin' Lilian?

LADY. Is dat a way for a servant to address her lady?

LIL. Who's a servant?

LADY. You is.

LIL. You better not call me no names. Kase what I knows, I knows.

LADY. I think de time has come when you and me must part.

LIL. Dat's jest what I gwine tell you ma own self. I ain't gwine stay in no house where de boss alla time hip-hip-hypnotizing you. He's liable to make me do something I don't want to do. So right yere's whar I quits. *(Waves handkerchief and a note falls to the floor.)* I'm done, three cheers for de United States ob Africa and de Hired Girls



Union forever. (*Crosses to door.*) And dem is ma last words and testament. [*Exit L.*]

LADY (*sees letter*). Come back here, you dropped a letter. (*Picks it up.*) I wonder who's been writing a letter to Lilian. (*Reads.*) "My honey rosebud Lilian: Everything is all right. Jest as soon as dat old hag Previous leaves the house ——" Dat old hag Previous! (*Drops in chair.*) Oh, I'm insulted, I'm insulted. (*Reads.*) "I'll meet you at the railroad station, star of my life, I'm ever yours." It's from Previous. Dat hypnotism was all a sham. Now he's gwine to elope with Lilian. Oh, I'm gwine to faint. (*Falls back in chair.*)

(*Enter PERFUMERY, very angry and excited.*)

PER. Oh, mamma, mamma, mamma! (*Staggers to her.*)

LADY (*starts to get up*). What is it?

PER. (*sits in her lap heavily*). My heart is busted. (*Weeps.*)

LADY. And so is mine. (*Weeps.*)

PER. I is been insulted. (*Crosses to L.*)

LADY. And so is I. (*Gets up.*)

PER. We got to the flower show, somebody come up and touch Mistah Highbrow on the shoulder and he run off and leave me all alone, never saying a word.

LADY. Whar did he run to?

PER. 'Deed and I don't know. I never was so insulted in ma life.

LADY. Your insult ain't a coincidence compared to mine. Read dat! (*Gives her the letter.*)

PER. Somebody is in love with Lilian and wants her to run away.

LADY. Somebody? Don't you know who it is?

PER. Course I don't.

LADY. It's dat ornery pig-jawed, bow-legged, smoked black, gum-lipped, kinky headed, baboon-faced chicken-stealer known as Pill Previous, the Coontown millionaire.

PER. You mean my pa-paw?

LADY. Yas, dat's jest who I means, and when I lays dese two hands on him I gwine to pierce de Black Sea until I reach the heart ob Africa.

PER. How come you think pa-paw wrote this?

LADY. Never mind how come. I'm gwine out! You stay here and if he comes in don't say a word. I'm on their trail. (*At door.*) Shhh! Remember, not a word. [*Exit at c.*]

PER. Poor ma-maw, she's so jellix she dunno whar she's at. But I certainly has got troubles ob my own. When I sees dat coon aviator who deserted me at de Flower Show, believe me, dere certainly is gwine to be some fight.

(*Enter PILL dressed in black tights, socks, etc., and in a barrel.*)

PILL. Show me de man dat stole ma clothes. (PERFUMERY screams. PILL nearly drops the barrel.) Don't make me drop it.

PER. Ain't you got no clothes?

PILL (*drops barrel showing himself in rags*). Jest only dese.

PER. Wait and I'll get you your new white suit.

PILL. Where's your maw?

PER. She's gone out.

PILL. Then hurry up that white suit. Run, gal, run.

PER. (*at door*). You'd better hold on to the barrel.

[*Exits L.*]

(*Enter TEDDY.*)

TED. (*as PILL goes to R.*). Stop! I've caught you.

PILL. Who are you and what you want?

TED. I'm the one to ask questions. If this were in France I'd shoot you where you stand.

PILL. Thank de Lawd it ain't in France.

TED. What are you doing in this house?

PILL. Who wants to know?

TED. I wants to know.

PILL. And who is you?

TED. What's that to you?

PILL. I'm the boss here.

TED. You're a crook. I caught you in the act.

PILL. Get outa my house.

TED. I'll call the police.

PILL. If you do, I'll have you arrested.

TED. I—I am a gentleman. You are a thief.

PILL (*sparring at him*). Who you callin' thief?

TED. (*fighting him*). I'll show you.

(*They wrestle. PILL butts TEDDY into a chair, and while he is picking himself up runs back of the screen. TEDDY is dazed, wondering what struck him. PILL, back of the screen, moves it to door L. TEDDY sees screen and creeps around R. of it after PILL who creeps around L., coming in view of audience. They dodge around screen. Finally TEDDY crouches in view of audience, then PILL lifts screen and crashes it over TEDDY's head, where it hangs like a frame. PILL runs TEDDY off at L. Crash outside.*)

PILL (*now divested of the barrel, sinks in a chair*). My laws, but this sure is an exciting morning. (*Rests.*)

(*Enter LUCIUS HAMM from c., dressed in rags.*)

LUCIUS (*not seeing PILL*). Lilian, Lilian, I wonder where my Lily-bud am went. (*Sees PILL.*) Good Lawd, dis must be another rag-man. Mawnin', brother.

PILL. Who you callin' brother?

LUCIUS. Looka yere, man, I is de rag collector round here.

PILL. Go 'long and collect your rags.

LUC. I'm lookin' for my gal.

PILL. Dat's jist what I is doing.

LUC. Who, you?

PILL (*rises, angrily*). Yes, me.

LUC. Lookin' for my gal?

PILL. Looking for my gal.

LUC. She's gwine to run off with me.

PILL (*to audience*). Great day in de mawnin', is dis what dey've picked out for my daughter's husband?

LUC. You better get outa yere, kase if you don't I'm gwine throw you out.

PILL. Throw me out? How dare you?

LUC. (*sparring*). Come on and fight me like a man.

PILL. You lemme alone.

LUC. You gwine to steal my gal, is you? Come on and fight. (*Hits him.*) I gwine knock you till you is black in de face. (*Knocks him to sofa.*)

HUNKS (*outside L.*). Where is he? Where is he?

LUC. (*at L. door*). A policeman. (*Runs out R.*)

(*PILL hides back of the sofa. Enter TEDDY and HUNKS from L.*)

TED. You are sure you are strong?

HUNKS. Boy, I'm so strong that folks all call me cheese.

TED. And are you tough?

HUNKS. Boy, Choke-'em-up Alley is the toughest street in town, and the further up the alley you go, the tougher it gits. I lives in the last house.

TED. Well, he's hidden here in this room. He's a bad crook. Get him and bend him.

HUNKS. Leave it to me, I won't only bend him, I'll break him.

PILL (*looks at audience around sofa*). Good-night, nurse.

TED. (*at door L.*). Hunt around and get him. Then do as you please. Throw the carcass out to the dogs. [*Exit L.*

(*Enter LUCIUS from R.*)

LUC. I wonder is dat policeman gone yet.

HUNKS. Ah, ha, I got you. (*Grabs him.*)

(*They struggle at c.*)

LUC. You lemme alone, now. I'm my mamma's only baby.

HUNKS. Then into the ocean for youse. (*Rushes him out c.*)

PILL (*comes to c.*). I must get to my room and find out what it is all about. Somebody is trying to rob my house. (*Starts out L.*) Good-mawnin', here comes dat man again. (*Hides back of curtains.*)

(*TEDDY enters from L.*)

TED. Where's dat policeman? (PILL *sneezes.*) Oh, ho! Somebody's hiding. (*Picks up a cane and hits PILL on head. PILL has block of wood to be hit.*) Now to call the police.

[*Exits L.*]

PILL (*staggers in dazed fashion from curtains*). Dis certainly am a pleasant mawnin'.

TED. (*off stage at L.*). Police, where are you?

PILL. Good-night! (*Crawls under table.*)

(*Enter TEDDY from L.*)

TED. I can't seem to find no one. (*Sits on table, swinging legs, nearly hitting PILL who is under the table.*) I suppose I got a dead man back of them curtains but I'm afraid to look. (*Kicks PILL.*)

PILL. Dis is my last day on earth.

TED. I must find that policeman and explain everything.

[*Exits at L.*]

(*Enter LUCIUS and HUNKS from c.*)

LUC. So you see it's all a mistake.

HUNKS. And you ain't the feller I'm looking for?

LUC. I ain't even his twin brother.

HUNKS (*suddenly jumps*). I thought I heard something.

LUC. You'd better be careful. He's a big bad man.

HUNKS. You hide behind the sofa and I'll hide back of the curtains, then when he comes in we'll nab him. (*They hide.*)

(*Enter TEDDY from L.*)

TED. He's laying for me back of them curtains. I'll soak him again. (*Whacks the wooden block with cane.*)

LUC. Here, here, you've killed him. (*Grabs TEDDY, they struggle.*)

(HUNKS reels from the curtains and falls on the sofa.)

TED. Lemme alone. (*They fall to floor struggling.*)

HUNKS. I think something hit me.

LUC. You're biting my ear!

HUNKS (*goes to them*). I've got him now. (*TEDDY jerks away and gets up, LUCIUS gets up and catches him. They struggle at c.*)

(*Enter PERFUMERY from L. and LILIAN from R.*)

PER. Somebody's murdering my Teddy. (*Grabs LUCIUS around the waist and tries to pull him to L.*)

LIL. They're killing my Hamm. (*Grabs TEDDY around the waist and pulls him R.*)

PILL (*crawls out*). It's a free for all fight. (*Runs out at L.*)

(*Enter LADY from c.*)

LADY (*screams*). Awww! (*Faints in HUNKS' arms.*)

(*LUCIUS and TEDDY separate, TEDDY and LILIAN falling to L., LUCIUS and PERFUMERY to R.*)

HUNKS. He went in there. (*Points to L.*)

LADY. Who did?

HUNKS. The thief. Come on.

[*Exit L.*]

LUC. Catch him.

[*Exit L.*]

LIL. Lucius, wait for me.

[*Exit L.*]

TED. Get him.

[*Exit L.*]

PER. No, no, it's my pa-paw.

[*Exit L.*]

LADY. My husband!

[*Exit L.*]

(*Crash off L. Broken crockery is thrown out from L. to stage. Another crash. PILL runs in from L., jumps down in audience and runs up the aisle, followed by HUNKS, then LUCIUS, then LILIAN, then TEDDY, then*

PERFUMERY, then LADY, all crying, "Stop him! Catch the thief!" etc. Chorus people come out on stage. PILL runs down the other aisle and gets back on the stage pursued by all.)

PILL (*drops on sofa, exhausted*). I ain't gwine to play no more.

TED. Officer, arrest that man.

PER. Stop, that is my pa-paw, the Coontown millionaire.

TED. (*points to LUCIUS*). Then arrest that man.

LIL. Stop, dat is my fi-nansay, Lucius Hamm, de ash-man.

PILL. Officer, arrest that man. (*Points to TEDDY*.)

PER. Never; this is my future husband, Mistah High-brown.

PILL (*gives HUNKS a roll of bills*). Officer, good-mawnin'.  
[Exit HUNKS.]

LADY (*comes to PILL at c.*). Now, sah, what do this note mean? Are you gwine to leave me and elope with Lilian?

LUCIUS (*at L. with LILIAN*). Dat's ma note, dat I wrote to Lilian. Ain't it, baby?

LIL. Shore is. (*They embrace.*)

LADY. Den it's all a mistake. General, forgive me!

PILL. Won't you never do it no more?

LADY. Do what?

PILL. I dunno.

LADY. Den I never will.

PILL. Den I forgive you. (*Embrace.*)

TED. (*at R. with PERFUMERY*). My Perfumery! (*Embrace.*)

PER. My hero!

LUC. My Lilian!

LIL. My big black baby!

LADY. My millionaire! (*Holds out arms to PILL.*)

PILL. My Gawd! (*Embrace.*)

(CHORUS by all.)

CURTAIN

TREMENDOUS

STUPENDOUS

A Frisky, Jolly, Palpitating Musical Comedy



## Zanzibar

(Formerly called "The Queen of the Harem")

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

(May be given by all male cast, or ladies may appear, if desired.)

*Original cast, Entre Nous Club,  
Springfield, Mo.*

EL KADAR, the King of Zanzibar . . . . .	Mr. George Dwyer
SHOOSH, the Lord High Rabban . . . . .	Mr. Ralph Dickens
JAZZBO HOMEBREW, a circus barker . . . . .	Mr. Frank E. Byers, Jr.
ELI SHADEY, a dusky son of Ham . . . . .	Mr. Speedy Reid
ZULEIKA, the queen of the harem . . . . .	Mr. Tim Reagan
TIRZAH, her favorite maiden . . . . .	Mr. George Dirth
MOCHA, a guard . . . . .	Mr. Ira Smith
JAVA, another guard . . . . .	Mr. Harold Kidd
PERUNA, also a guard . . . . .	Mr. Tom Burns
GOOK, likewise a guard . . . . .	Mr. Clifford Harmon
FATIMA, an oriental pearl . . . . .	Mr. Shorty Newton
OMAR, a dancing girl . . . . .	Mr. Claude Brower
MOGUL, a harem maiden . . . . .	Mr. Charles Frizzell
CAMEEL, an oriental ruby . . . . .	Mr. Harold Bohren
GUMBO, the king's jester . . . . .	Mr. Frank Crooks
SLUMBO, the king's general . . . . .	Mr. E. Newell Lusk



SCENE.—*Interior or exterior, with oriental suggestions. Throne down R., facing to L. White flood light.*

- (1) *Opening Chorus, "Hindustan," or any other oriental number, by MOCHA, JAVA, PERUNA, GOOK, GUMBO, SLUMBO and MEN'S CHORUS.*
- (2) *Oriental Scarf Dance, with colored light effects. ZULEIKA, TIRZAH, FATIMA, OMAR, MOGUL and CAMEEL.*
- (3) *Song: "Persian Rose," or any oriental song by ZULEIKA with chorus by all. All out at L., except ZULEIKA and TIRZAH.*

TIRZAH. Why so sad, Zuleika?

ZULEIKA. Oh, I'm so worried about Ga-zoo-goo, the king's favorite bear.

TIR. What's happened to him now?

ZUL. He was ill yesterday, very ill. I have not yet heard how he spent the night. I am still waiting with great anxiety for the publication of the daily bulletin.

TIR. I'm afraid he's ready to pass to his bear forefathers.

ZUL. If he dies who can tell what monster may succeed him in the king's affections?

TIR. There's no question about that; it will be yourself.

ZUL. And that's what troubles me. I have no heart to give to the king, alas, my heart belongs to Eli Shadey.

TIR. And what is Eli Shadey?

ZUL. He's a man, a big black lovin' papa from the wilds of Missouri.

TIR. He is your papa?

ZUL. Lawsy, no, he's ma husband. I used to be a high-brown carnival queen with the Skinnem and Runn Carnival Company. Eli Shadey was the wild man in the snake pit, but he won my little heart and hand and the parson made us one.

TIR. Then how does it happen that you are here in the harem at Zanzibar and your husband is in far-away America?

ZUL. Skinnem and Runn split up, Skinnem took the carnival and Runn started an Old Plantation Show. I was the

leading lady of the Plantation Show and we decided to make a trip around the world. When we struck Zanzibar our money gave out and Mr. Runn had to sell all the ladies of the company into the king's harem to pay his expenses back to that good old U. S. A.

TIR. See, see, here comes Shoosh, and he is in trouble.  
(*Points off L.*)

ZUL. He certainly is. I'll bet a big Missouri doughnut that the royal bear is dead.

(*Enter SHOOSH, L. U. E. or left upper entrance.*)

SHOOSH. Wahi! woe is me! Oh, Mahomet! Oh, Kaaba! Oh, Mecca! Oh, gosh! We are going—we are going—we are gone.

ZUL. I dread to ask the news. Is he dead?

SHOOSH. Even so, Sultana. The bear has breathed his last—his place is empty—our zoological garden has lost its brightest star. Old Ga-zoo-goo is dead.

TIR. And does the king know?

SHOOSH. He does not. He does not even know of his favorite's illness, and when he learns the truth, our faces will become as black as an unbeliever's shoes. Ah, Batcha! Children, tell the old man what to do.

ZUL. You must go and break the news to the king.

SHOOSH. Never! It would mean the ashpile for me.

(*Enter SLUMBO, L. U. E.*)

SLUMBO. Most venerable Vizier and High Rabban! two dusky travellers have just arrived in an airship and demand an audience.

SHOOSH. By the beard of my grandmother, those dogs have arrived in the very nick of time. Their wares may distract the king's attention till I can resolve upon some plan. Slumbo, see to the infidels!

(*SLUMBO bows and backs off at L. U. E.*)

SHOOSH. Now you see, ladies, our lives hang by a thread. If the bear's death be reported suddenly to the king, he may order a general massacre, in the harem as well as out of it.

TIR. What's to be done?

SHOOSH. Follow my directions, and by the blessing of the prophet our heads may yet repose upon our shoulders.

ZUL. What shall we do?

SHOOSH. Retire to the harem, and fold the legs of resignation upon the carpet of hope. (*Ladies go out* L. U. E.) Baku-lum! Let me see. The king, after all, is an animal of small understanding. I will seek these two infidels. If they be wise I may yet, by their help, put the thumb of contempt to the nose of derision before his majesty. [*Exit* R. U. E.]

### ORIENTAL NUMBER BY GIRLS

(*All dance out.*)

(*Enter* JAZZBO and ELI *from* L. U. E.)

JAZZBO. Come along, boy, never say die.

ELI. Are you sure we're in the right place?

JAZZ. I is. Didn't you read what it say on that sign out there?

ELI. I can't read dat kinda writin'.

JAZZ. It say "This way to the Harem."

ELI. Where is dat harem? Is dat where we eat?

JAZZ. You alla time thinkin' about eating. "This way to the Harem," dat's Zanzibar language. It means "For Ladies Only."

ELI. There you go talkin' about ladies again. Don't call up the scenes of other days. Every time I think of ladies my thought fly back to my dear little Lizzie, de wife I had and lost. (*Tearfully.*) It's a hard thing to lose your wife, Jazzbo.

JAZZ. Hard? It's almost impossible. Of course Lizzie was a fine lady —

ELI. Fine? Say, man, mah Lizzie was *so* fine dat she'd slip right through the teeth of a fine-tooth comb, and dance! You remember how Lizzie danced back there in dem old Skin-nem and Runn carnival days. She could shiver, uum, boy! Big plate of blackberry jelly on a cold mawnin', dat was Lizzie.

JAZZ. She shore did used to shake a wicked shiver.

ELI. Den the show split and she sailed for Zanzibar and I stayed in de Cornfed Belt. Shore wish I was back there now. Hog and hominy, pork chops and cream gravy!

JAZZ. Didn't you hab some good bear meat last week

ELI. Last week ain't now.

JAZZ. Well, there ain't nothing more in our wild animal menagerie dat we can kill. We's done et up all our curiosities. Now all we have to do is to get some money, fix up the airship and fly back to America.

ELI. Man, I's done flew so much I ain't got a feather left in ma wings.

JAZZ. If we can only get to see the king and tell him our troubles maybe he'll send us back home.

ELI. I certainly hope he asks us to stay to dinner first. (*Enter TIRZAH carrying a basket, covered with napkin. She enters singing, passes men, starts out other side.*) Um, baby, I wonder what's dat I smell.

TIR. I suppose you smell what's in my basket, man.

ELI. And, lady, may I be so bold as to ax you what is in dat basket?

JAZZ. Excuse him, lady, he ain't got no sense.

TIR. (*between them*). Well, in this basket are seven fried chickens, some strawberry preserves, hot rolls and butter, some fried pork chops, hot sweet potatoes and nine pumpkin pies.

ELI. Oh, envy, leave ma soul!

JAZZ. (*tries to look in basket*). Excuse me, dear little lady —

TIR. Here, man, you get away. Those eats don't belong to you.

JAZZ. Do they belong to you, sweet one?

TIR. No, they don't belong to me. I'm delivering this basket and I can't find any one to take it.

ELI. Lady, you need search no further.

TIR. It's such a heavy basket.

JAZZ. Suppose we make it lighter.

ELI. I seconds de motion.

TIR. Maybe I might divide its contents with you.

ELI. Don't stop to divide, jest turn me loose, dat's all.

TIR. I might give you a fried chicken and a pumpkin pie.

ELI. Stomach, stay your impatience.

(Enter SHOOSH from R. U. E.)

TIR. (*showing them inside of basket*). Do you like dark meat?

ELI. I ain't particular. Oh, angel, if dis is a dream, don't ever wake me up.

SHOOSH. Tirzah, begone. His majesty, the king, desires your presence.

ELI. Yaas, and his majesty Eli Shadey desires some eats.

SHOOSH (*to TIRZAH*). Begone! (*TIRZAH runs out at R. L.*)

ELI. Man, I dunno who you is, but you certainly have made me love you. (*Ferociously advances to him.*) You know what I'm gwine do? (*Pause.*) I'm gwine jump right down your throat and submarine your gizzard!

SHOOSH (*points dagger at him*). Stay!

ELI. I'm stayed.

SHOOSH. Know ye not that these precincts are sacred? I have only to speak the word, and off go your heads.

ELI. Don't speak it, don't speak it.

SHOOSH. Who are you?

JAZZ. I am Mr. Jazzbo Homebrew, the proprietor of Homebrew's Celebrated Trained Flea and Wild Animal Show.

SHOOSH. Trained flea and wild animal show? Good, it may amuse his majesty.

ELI. De wild animal show has done been carved up into beefsteak; all we's got left is the trained fleas. (*Slaps himself.*) There's one of 'em, now.

SHOOSH. And who are you?

ELI. Me? I'm Eli Shadey.

SHOOSH. And your occupation?

ELI (*slaps himself*). I provides the refreshments for the trained fleas.

SHOOSH. If you have a bear in your Wild Animal Shows your fortune is made.

JAZZ. We got a bear.

ELI (*sings*). It's a bear, it's a bear, it's a bear!

JAZZ. Got the finest trained bear dat was ever seen in Zanzibar.

SHOOSH. Trained, is he?

ELI. Man, he's more trained than the fleas. He can talk French, sing like (*Name.*) play the jew's harp and dance the shimmy. What more can you expect from a bear?

SHOOSH. Oh, my friends, if this prove true, your heads will touch the skies.

ELI. If they do, I'll eat 'em.

SHOOSH. You will be clothed in robes of honor and the choicest viands will be placed before you.

ELI. Yes, I know, but will we get anything to eat?

SHOOSH. Your wonderful trained bear shall appear before the king. If you succeed—riches and honor—but if you fail!

JAZZ. Yes, if we fail?

SHOOSH. Well, in that case, he'll be *sure* to cut off your noses, and *may* probably slit your ears; but when he's done it he forgets all about it, and is just as good-natured as ever. So you needn't worry. [*Exit L. U. E.*]

ELI. I'm going to saddle dat old airship and I'm going home.

JAZZ. Trust me and you'll die an emperor. I have an idea, a great idea.

ELI. Give it to me and I'll eat it.

JAZZ. The bear must do his tricks before the king.

ELI. But we've lost the bear. We done et him.

JAZZ. We lost the bear, 'tis true, but we still have his hide.

ELI. You can't hide in that.

JAZZ. I know what we'll do. It's a great game. We'll use his skin.

ELI. It's a skin game.

JAZZ. You shall be the bear.

ELI. Who?

JAZZ. You.

ELI. Not me. I'm bare enough now. (*Indicating ragged clothes.*)

JAZZ. You look like our old bear in the face, and you're not unlike him in figure.

ELI. Have I got a bear figure?

JAZZ. I'll say so.

ELI. Well, I knows one thing, I certn'y got a bear's appetite.

(*ZULEIKA sings outside.*)

JAZZ. Come with me to the airship and I'll change you into a bear.

ELI. Listen!

JAZZ. Somebody's singing.

ELI. You know who dat is? Dat's Lizzie. I'd know that voice if I met it in Heaven. My wife is here, here in the harem.

JAZZ. There's only one way you can see her. You must impersonate the bear.

ELI. But Lizzie wouldn't know me if I was dressed like a bear. She wouldn't recognize her sweet papa.

JAZZ. Give her a hug and she'll know you by your scent. But come along, we have no time to lose.

(*SONG NUMBER, ZULEIKA and full chorus of girls and boys.*  
*FANCY MARCH. Song "Hail the Conquering Hero Comes." Grand entrance of KING, others kneeling.)*

KING. By all my three tails this is a white day in our existence. Marshallah! Let me see your smiling faces. (*All smile.*) Grins—broad grins—(*All grin.*) or by the holy poker of Mecca, we will leave you with no heads to grin with.

(*Comedy song by KING. CHORUS by all.*)

KING (*on throne*). Shoosh!

SHOOSH (*prostrates himself before throne*). The meanest of your highness' slaves dares to approach the sacred dust of your highness' ten toes.

KING. You are welcome, Shoosh! Praise be to the Prophet, you are a good servant. But say now, O Rabban, where is this wondrous beast that you have promised us? This trained bear skilled in all the wisdom of the unbelievers?

SHOOSH. As my soul is your sacrifice, the bear is waiting without, ready to attend your highness' wishes. Behold his instructor. (*Enter JAZZBO.*) Come forward, infidel, prostrate thyself and speak. (*JAZZBO prostrates himself.*)

KING. Thou art welcome, O dog, son of a dog!

JAZZ. Hot dog!

KING. We are remarkably partial to all kinds of beasts.

SHOOSH. The potentate of potentates speaks like an angel.

ALL. Yes, sir.

TIR. May he live a thousand years.

GUMBO. May his shadow never grow less.

SLUMBO. May he have a million wives.

KING. Commence, unbeliever, start your show!

JAZZ. (*rises and bores*). My grand ladies and gents:

ZUL. (*down L. with TIR.*). That voice!

TIR. What's the matter?

ZUL. That man is my husband's old partner, Jazzbo Homebrew.

JAZZ. I will now introduce Chu-koo-koo, the trained bear.

(MUSIC. *Enter ELI as a bear.*)

JAZZ. ("barking"). We will now commence, continue and conclude our tremendous, stupendous performance with the



unequalled feats of the highly scented Rooshan bear, Chu-koo-koo, who has appeared before all the crowned heads of Europe and all the bald heads of America. The King of Ireland gave him a diamond snuff box, but he had the misfortune to swallow it. Chu-koo-koo, show a sneeze. (ELI *does stunts as asked for.*) Stand on your four feet!

ALL. Marvellous.

KING. Wonderful.

JAZZ. And now a little shiver shimmy for the king.

ALL. Stupendous.

KING. Unparalleled.

ZUL. That shiver! I know it all! That bear is my long-long papa. Oh, sweet daddy! (*This speech direct to audience.*)

JAZZ. This animal was caught when he was a mere cub, or as we say in Dixie, a pickaninny.

KING. How original.

ALL. Very original.

JAZZ. He was shipped to America and presented to the President by his admirer the Emperor of Mexico. I was selected as his trainer and no expense has been spared on the instruction of playful little Chu-koo-koo, he having mastered trigonometry, algebray and Abyssinia. Now, Chu-koo-koo, will you please show us who is the worst rascal here present.

(ELI *walks around, then goes to KING.*)

KING. Not too near! We are satisfied.

JAZZ. Now find out the most beautiful lady here.

(ELI *hugs ZULEIKA.*)

ALL. Marvellous.

KING. Bizmallah, the bear goes too far. He has pinched the light of the harem. Grab him and cut off his nose.

(ELI *chases all out. KING crawls under carpet. ELI gets him out. They fight. KING makes a comedy exit. ELI puts on crown and swaggers out.*)

## COMEDY SONG BY JAZZBO

JAZZ. Eli certainly does enter into his part. I wouldn't be surprised at all if he'd eaten the king whole, he's so dog-goned hungry.

(Enter SHOOSH.)

SHOOSH. The infidel bear has been discovered.

JAZZ. Where?

SHOOSH. You'll never guess; at the feet of the queen of the Harem, the fair Zuleika, and what is more extraordinary, he was making a declaration of love.

JAZZ. Oh, Eli, where is you now?

SHOOSH. My guards overpowered the animal.

JAZZ. What they done with him?

SHOOSH. They are bringing him here.

(GUARDS enter, carrying ELI in a cage.)

SLUMBO. Here he is, O High Rabban.

SHOOSH. 'Tis well. Go and prepare a place for him with the monkeys, the baboon and the orang-outang. I'll show you how. (Goes out with GUARDS.)

(DUET (E Flat) "Trovatore," "Ah, I Have Sighed to Rest.")

ELI (in cage).

Oh! what a situation,  
All owing to your advice,  
Far from my home,  
Here must I rumble and groan,  
Oh, gosh, oh!

JAZZ.

Oh, they'll send you to the menagerie,  
Won't the monkeys bully, bite and badger he?  
They will ill-treat him,  
Bite him and beat him,  
Probably eat him.

Laws, how you'll look there among the monkeys.

(Enter KING and MALE CHORUS.)

KING. Praise to the Prophet, we are still safe from the clutches of that infernal bear. I have an idea. I'll put him in the cage with my bear and see which will win the victory.

ELI. I'll be dog-goned if you do. (Enter ALL.)

KING. He speaks! the bear is bewitched. The evil eye! Slumbo, chief of my guards, cut off his head.

ZUL. (*kneels*). Oh, royal sir, in the name of the prophet, spare him.

KING. Never. Off with his head. A thousand golden roubles for the bear's head.

ELI (*hops out of cage, takes off costume*). Here's the head!

KING. And who are you?

ELI. Jack Dalton, the boy detective.

KING. How now, you dog, do you think you are privileged to laugh in my beard? Slumbo, seize the slave and feed him to the wild monkeys.

ZUL. Stay, a letter from the Sultan.

ALL (*salaam*). The Sultan!

KING (*takes letter from ZULEIKA*). "To my loyal subject, El Kadar, the King of Zanzibar."

ALL. Long live the King!

KING (*reading*). "Two American infidels are touring your country in an airship. They are called Jazzbo Homebrew —"

JAZZ. Dat's me.

KING (*reading*). "And Eli Shadey."

ELI. Dat's me.

ZUL. Eli, don't you know me? I'm Lizzie.

ELI (*opening arms*). Lizzie, come into camp. (*Embrace.*)

KING. The Queen of the Harem. How dare you? Guards, seize them.

ZUL. Hold! Pray, your majesty, read the letter; it explains everything.

KING (*reads*). "These men have aided us in our warfare and have slain many of our enemies. They have found favor with us."

ELI. You see, he says he found flavor with him.

KING (*reads*). "It is our will and pleasure that they be invested with honor, and any favors which they may ask are to be granted at once. By command of the Sultan." (*Presses paper to forehead.*) This is a bitter pill to swallow. Shoosh, invest them with honor.

SHOOSH (*bows to each*). Live forever.

ELI. What you doing?

SHOOSH. I am investing you.

ELI. I already been invested (*Pause.*) with fleas. (*Slaps.*)

JAZZ. Didn't I say I'd do it, Eli? Now we'll go back to the land of the free and the home of the brave.

ELI. Just one minute.

ALL. What is it?

ELI. I wants a pork chop sandwich and a piece ob lemon pie.

(*Final patriotic song. Red fire tableau.*)

END

## COSTUMES

[KING and his COURT. *Fancy oriental costumes. These may sometimes be borrowed from Mystic Shrine temples or other lodges. Gaudy baggy trousers, Indian blankets, etc., make good substitutes. Brown make-up with black mustaches and chin whiskers. See illustrated copies of Shakespeare's Othello.*

ZULEIKA. *Oriental dress, as elaborate as possible. Use brown powder over face, neck and arms.*

JAZZBO. *Black-faced comedian in ragged aviator's clothes.*

ELI. *Black-faced comedian in tramp costume.*

PROPS. *Cage for ELI made of wood and painted black with wooden bars. Basket for TIRZAH. Throne may be INTERLOCUTOR'S chair on small platform. Bear-skin rug and bear face for ELI. Full bear costume may be rented from Chicago Costume Works, 143 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. De Moulin Brothers, Greenville, Illinois, Tams Costume Co., New York City, Klippert Mfg. Co., 46 Cooper Square, New York City. Write to one of these houses in advance and see if they have costume ready for shipping.]*

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